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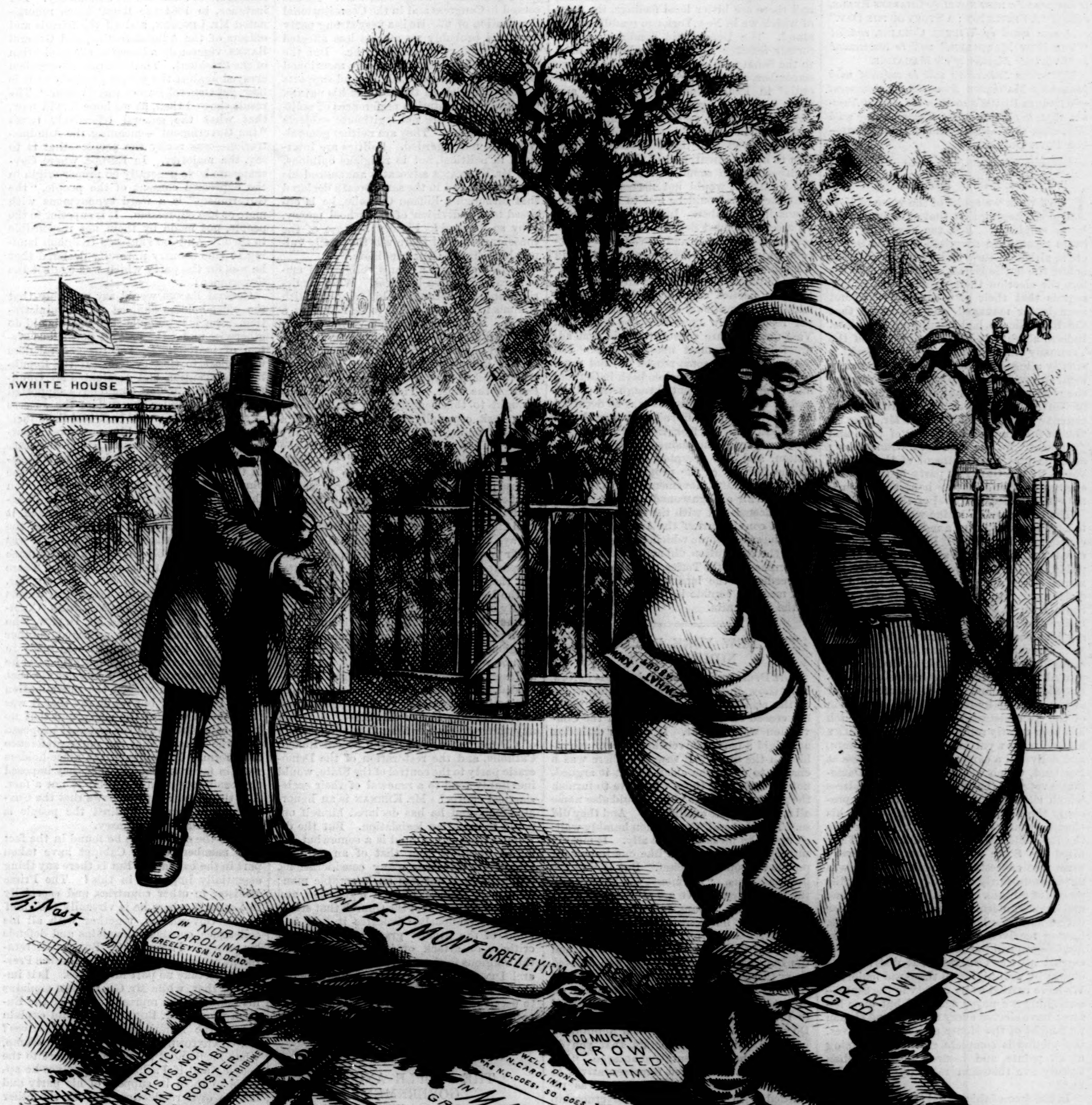

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

U. S. G. "Let us Clasp Hands over the Bloody Chasm!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive the Seventh Part of

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This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE *is commenced a* NEW NOVEL *by* CHARLES READE, *entitled* "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY."

A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS, *entitled* "THE NEW MAGDALEN," *will be commenced in the October Number of the* MAGAZINE.

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *from the commencement of* CHARLES READE'S *story, in the August Number,* 1872, *to the close of the Volume ending with November,* 1873*—making* SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

THE STATE ELECTIONS.

LAST week we spoke of the voice of Vermont, hoping that that of Maine would be as emphatic. But the result in that State must have surprised even the Democrats, although they had been surrendering before the battle began. For some days before the election their papers were full of regrets that their own campaign had not been better managed, and assertions that the Republicans had bought up the State. Indeed, all that is known to be true of the Tammany management in New York is stoutly alleged of the Republican management in every State. But the exposure of the election proceedings of the "reformers" in North Carolina was as ludicrous as the urgent "reform" eloquence of Mr. DOOLITTLE in full view of his "error of taste and judgment" in the CONATTY transaction; and the previous treatment of the colored voters by the GREELEY party in the Southern States shows that an honest election is not "the immediate jewel of their souls."

The campaign in Maine was very animated. There was never a more thorough and continuous discussion. It was well understood that unless some striking proof of Republican defection were developed there, the moral effect upon the coalition would be disastrous. Mr. DOOLITTLE hastened to the State from the Baltimore Convention, and before the influence of any thing he could say had been totally destroyed by the CONATTY revelation. Senator TRUMBULL was brought from Illinois, and, as we learn, repeated his astounding statements of the acknowledged annual loss or theft of a quarter of the revenue by reason of the corruption of the Administration—a statement which has been utterly refuted. And Mr. GREELEY himself made a partial progress in the State, and delivered a carefully written address at Portland, which was an open bid for Democratic votes by the offer of office—an address which should show the whole country precisely the scope of the "reform" which his election would produce. On their side also the Republicans were not inactive. They filled the State with speakers, and every town was contested. A political issue was never more fairly and fully laid before the people of a State. The day of election came, and the next morning Speaker BLAINE, whose defeat had been hoped for by his opponents, having received a greatly increased majority, telegraphed to the President: "We have carried all the Congressional districts, the closest by well-nigh two thousand majority. We have carried every county in the State—something we never achieved but once before; have elected every Senator, and chosen four-fifths of the House of Representatives. Our victory is complete and overwhelming at all points, and insures you more than twenty-five thousand majority in November."

In the face of this signal triumph the New York *Tribune* announced "Liberal" gains, and the *World* informed us that a proportional reduction of the Republican vote in every State would end in Republican defeat in November. The folly of such a strain is, as in "Cranford," that they know, and we know that they know, and they know that we know that they know, that the Maine election was a mortal blow at the coalition. For it shows, as the result in Vermont and in North Carolina showed, that the real issue of this contest is fully apprehended. It certainly does not mean that the people of Maine or Vermont are revengeful or inhuman, that they do not wish "reconciliation," nor that they are opposed to progress and reform. It means that they do not think the restoration of the Democratic party would secure either harmony, reform, or the general welfare. It means that they have watched the administration of General GRANT, and, doubtless, differing among themselves upon some measures, are of opinion that it is a patriotic, honest, careful administration. It means that the Republican party, while it has lost some of its members, is yet, by the disaffection of its opponents, as powerful as ever; and it means that if, as seems now to be certain, the party is successful in November, the country will expect of it the fulfillment of the pledges upon which it asks popular support.

The next important State elections are those in Pennsylvania and Indiana. In Pennsylvania the Republican candidate for Governor is openly opposed by one of the leading Republican journals in Philadelphia, and there are bitter local feelings, the force of which we in New York can readily understand. The Democratic candidate is the former Senator BUCKALEW, whose election to the Senate during the war was hailed, we remember, as a Southern victory. The "Liberals" in Pennsylvania, if there are any there, will vote for Mr. BUCKALEW, and he will undoubtedly receive the full Democratic support. But his election by a small majority, in view of the Republican opposition to his opponent, and of the Democratic indisposition in some quarters to vote for Mr. GREELEY, would not necessarily show that the State would be lost to the Republicans in November. Indeed, our accounts all assert the most decided Republican success both in October and November—a success which is made even surer by that in Vermont and Maine.

In Indiana the candidates are acceptable to their parties, and the contest proceeds mainly upon national issues. The newspaper reports show how deep the feeling is. Vast meetings are constantly held and addressed by the most noted orators. Mr. SCHURZ, who for some reason did not come to New England, has spoken both in German and English as he went through the State, and in Columbus, Ohio, he was so deceived as to say that he believed Ohio would vote for GREELEY. But from the first Mr. SCHURZ has disregarded the plainest facts of the situation, and has accepted his own wishes as the feelings of the people. Indeed, the whole GREELEY movement has a certain French whir and gasconade, which is curiously inconsistent with the really grave and earnest convictions of the American people. It is the same people which, having conquered in the Revolution, did not intrust the new government to the Tories, and which, having succeeded in the late terrible struggle, do not mean to confide its results to the care of the Democrats.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

THE Democratic State nominations in New York show, in the first place, the hollowness of the pretense that the Democratic party has ceased to exist. The spirit of the Convention was evident. It was as orthodox and rigid a party convention as ever assembled in the State. It saw that there was a chance to carry the election, but it argued, not unfairly, that those who were to furnish the great mass of the votes should also name all the important candidates. And they did so. The "Liberal" Convention humbly waited upon the pleasure of its ally. It meekly suggested that it would like one important position upon the ticket. But it was too presumptuous. "Harmony, you know," said the Democracy. "We are all brothers now: what is yours is ours, and what is ours—" "Certainly; harmony by all means," said the fraternal reformer General JOHN COCHRANE and the earnest Senator FENTON; and the Democrats "rose at them," and cheered them three times three—and nominated the ticket. "Remember, my dear," said the efficient wife to her spouse, "if you are asked to take apple-pie, that you do not like it. Do you hear?" Remember, dear Republican brethren, said the Democrats, that you do not want the Representative at large. "No, indeed; we never liked Representatives at large." The Republican docility was rewarded with the Lieutenant-Governorship and the State-prison Inspectorship.

The Democratic party did its work as such. It has made a bargain with certain former Republicans, but wholly for its own purposes. Should it with Republican aid carry the State, the Lieutenant-Governor and the State-prison Inspector will not profoundly affect the party policy in the State administration; and a Legislature chosen by the coalition would send a "straight" Democrat as Senator to Congress. If the Democratic party is one of "reform;" if its success would deepen public confidence, and secure to all citizens the equal rights which it has always resisted, and which the Republicans have always maintained; if it is an abler, honester, more patriotic, more intelligent, more truly progressive party than the Republican, the voter who is of that opinion should certainly support it. But in the State of New York he can not affect to believe that in voting for Mr. KERNAN he is not voting with and for the same party, and unchanged, which nominated and elected Mr. HOFFMAN two years ago. The *World* says of Mr. KERNAN: "He is a steady, unflinching Democrat, who never deviated from the principles nor was ever untrue to the discipline of the party......Democrats who are not yet quite reconciled to Mr. GREELEY will see that his candidacy does not relax the strictness of Democratic discipline, or set aside our tried and faithful party leaders." The *World* is certainly not deceived, nor does it try to deceive its readers.

Mr. KERNAN is a lawyer of distinction, and a gentleman of high character. He has served in Congress and in the Constitutional Convention of '67. He is a very strong party man, and probably no man is less affected by the GREELEY mania than he. But the fact which has been universally mentioned is that he is a Roman Catholic, and supports his Church with all the ardor of his nature. Generally the sectarian preferences of political candidates are not legitimate subjects of consideration. They are neither generally known nor regarded. Politics are interested in political, not in religious opinions. But Mr. KERNAN'S advocates announced his nomination, and in the same breath declared that although a Roman Catholic, he is opposed to the division of the school money. Why so forward? Plainly because of the consciousness that there was the fatally vulnerable point of their candidate.

In this country a man's religion is emphatically his own business. Whoever derides another because of his religious faith is almost too much a fool to be feared as a knave. But there is another view. Among all the ecclesiastical organizations there is one, and one only, which is political. That is the Roman Church, which has every where and always sought, as a church, to control the state. This bad habit it has brought to this country. In the State of New York, especially, it is a Church with a political policy, which is not true of any other. That policy at present concerns the distribution of the school fund and State grants. It has been pushed so far as to arouse public attention, and to produce the most emphatic and imposing protests against contemplated legislation partial to the Roman Church. The ecclesiastical leaders have always relied upon the Democratic party. Their propositions have been introduced and supported almost exclusively by Democrats. But the vigorous protest and the insecurity of the Democratic tenure of power have recently obscured the subject.

But the ecclesiastical politicians, who have powerful influences at command in the religious feelings and fears of their followers, do not relinquish their objects. This one, at least, is definitely acknowledged and defended. Its results and their consequences are instinctively felt by the intelligent mind of this country and of this State. But can any thing be plainer than that the election of a Democrat, who is also an ardent Roman Catholic, and the restoration of the Democratic party to the control of the State, would inevitably tend to a renewal of their ecclesiastical efforts? Mr. KERNAN is an honorable man, and he has declared himself opposed to sectarian legislation. But the division of the school fund is a somewhat different question from that of an ordinary grant. It involves many considerations. General DIX is not less an honorable man; he also is opposed to such legislation, and he is not a member of the Church that steadily and strenuously advocates it. It is a point of the utmost gravity. We do not criticise or attack or injuriously mention the religious faith of Mr. KERNAN, or of General DIX, or of any other candidate. But the election of Mr. KERNAN must, as it seems to us, necessarily strengthen the disastrous political designs of a church, and for that reason alone, if for no other, should be defeated.

THE PEOPLE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

IN a recent speech in favor of the election of Mr. GREELEY General BANKS remarked that this was a contest in which the Government was arrayed against the people, a spectacle which, he added, was now for the first time presented in this country. The general was very emphatic upon this point, and alluded darkly to civil war. But to the unsophisticated hearer and reader the remark was probably very perplexing. How is the advocacy of the re-election of a President who has been unanimously renominated by the delegates of what was, and to all appearance still is, a great majority of the people, who are the rightful source of government—how is this a contest between the Government and the people? Since the general has left the Republican party, has he come to the conclusion that the minority are the people? In Vermont there was an Administration majority of some twenty-five thousand. That is indeed a great victory of the Government; but only because it is a great majority of the people. In Maine there was an Administration majority in every county in the State. That also is a Government triumph, but for the same reason. The people are the Government in this country. How, then, is an election a contest between them and the Government?

What the general probably meant is that the friends and officers of the Administration are warmly engaged in advocating its continuance. But that is always the case. The party in power, whether with a new candidate or with the incumbent, always endeavors to maintain its ascendency. For instance, in 1864 the Republicans renominated Mr. LINCOLN, and all the friends and officers of the Administration, and General BANKS, vigorously advocated the re-election of the President. The Government was then arrayed against the people precisely as it is now, yet General BANKS was "willin'." The result showed then, as we hope it will now, that what the general offensively terms "the Government"—meaning the Administration—was really the people—that is to say, the majority. In Europe, where Governments have generally no proper origin in the expressed consent of the people, "the Government" is a word synonymous with more or less oppression. It is superior to the people, not made by them, not responsible to them. And JEFFERSON'S Irishman landing in this country naturally declared that he was for the party which was against the Government.

General BANKS would say probably that the office-holders support the Administration. But is it possible that they should do otherwise under the present pernicious system of patronage? Yet the general does not object to that system. If the Republican Convention had nominated Mr. GREELEY, the office-holders would have supported him, because under the system the success of the opposition would have cost them their places. They oppose him now most vigorously. And is it not natural, since Mr. GREELEY has himself declared that if he is elected those who vote for him shall enjoy the plunder? If General BANKS is of opinion that the office-holders nominated the President, as it can not possibly be proved, it must remain his opinion. Yet if ever the wish of a party was plainly manifest, it was that of the Republican for the continuance of the President for another term. There were Republicans like Mr. GREELEY, Mr. FENTON, Mr. SUMNER, Mr. TIPTON, Mr. JAMES M. ASHLEY, Mr. SCHURZ, Mr. JOHN COCHRANE, Mr. TRUMBULL, and Mr. DEPEW, who for very various reasons preferred another candidate. But Mr. GREELEY was ready in 1864 to throw over Mr. LINCOLN, even after he had been renominated. We do not say that every Republican wished the renomination of the President; but we do say that it was the general wish of the party, and that no other candidate was ever seriously proposed from the moment that the party preference took form. Undoubtedly the office-holders were in favor of him, but that they imposed the candidate upon the party is not a fact. And that their support shows that the Government is arrayed against the people is merely a ludicrous whimsey.

Or is the evidence to be found in the fact that members of the Cabinet have taken part in the canvass? But is there any thing essentially improper in this? The Prime Minister in other countries, and especially in England, where he is virtually the chief of the Government, together with all his colleagues, constantly explains and defends his policy in Parliament. But our Secretaries have no voice in Congress, and the President can take no part in debates. Is it improper that, while Mr. GLADSTONE explains his policy to the representatives of the English people, Mr. BOUTWELL should explain his to the American people themselves? Mr. GLADSTONE also goes upon the stump, when Parliament adjourns, to report to the people; and if Parliament dissolves he appeals to them in support of his party and for his own re-election, and all the other ministers do likewise.

Is the British Government arraying itself against the people when they do so? When General BANKS has been renominated for Congress he has not hesitated to appear before his constituents virtually to urge his own re-election. Is not that quite as improper as that one of the Secretaries should urge the re-election of the President? If it is unbecoming in Mr. BOUTWELL and Mr. DELANO to advocate the success of their party, which does not necessarily continue them in office, how is it seemly for Mr. GREELEY to

advocate his own election to the Presidency, as he did in Portland?

That one of the wretched results of the patronage system of the civil service is dangerously to imbitter a Presidential election, by making it a struggle for bread-and-butter, we agree. And the "one-term" quackery would not help it. Will General BANKS support a radical reform of the system by the abolition of patronage, even if it goes to a fundamental revision of the whole appointing power? If not, the Government, or the party in power, will always be, in his sense, arrayed against the people—that is, against the party that wishes to get into power.

FORGIVING, NOT FORGETTING.

WE have spoken elsewhere of the nomination of the Democrats for Governor. The other important position was that of Representative at large, for which the Convention nominated Mr. S. S. COX, now a Representative in Congress from this city. Mr. COX is an amiable and generous gentleman, with whom, we believe, his opponents always maintain pleasant personal relations. But he, too, is an unswerving party man. He was nominated as a Democrat, and he accepted as a Democrat. In his speech of acceptance he naturally dwelt long and fondly upon forgiveness and brotherly love, and the Sermon on the Mount. The Honorable FERNANDO WOOD, and the Reverend C. C. BURR, and other "peace apostles," did the same thing in the days of Andersonville and the Libby. We were all well trained in the "Gospel of Peace" ten years ago. Meanwhile, as for forgiveness, we would forgive every thing and forget nothing.

Mr. COX in his speech alluded to his competitor, Mr. TREMAIN. When the war was pending, he said, he stood upon the floor of the House and told the Southern gentlemen "that if they touched one hair upon the head of General ANDERSON, the North will be one man in its defense;" and he added a pleasant hint that Mr. TREMAIN was then of another opinion. Very well, when the South *did* touch General ANDERSON'S head Mr. TREMAIN stood by the Government and the Union, through the dark days as well as the bright, through good and evil report, steadfastly to the end, and has gone forward with his associates ever since in the great work of emancipation and equality. But Mr. COX was not there. He may have said that the North would rise as one man. But when it did rise one man was missing, "which his name" it is S. S. COX.

Mr. COX was also the most strenuous supporter of the arch Copperhead Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, as Governor of Ohio, against JOHN BROUGH, in the great contest during the war. Either Mr. COX was going to march peacefully with indefinite thousands of men to bring home the patriot from Canada in triumph, or the patriot was to return in some other impressive way, in token of the popular disapproval of the war. Mr. COX has not forgotten how Ohio thundered.

Again, during the Chicago M'CLELLAN Convention in 1864, Mr. COX is reported as saying in a street speech that JEFFERSON DAVIS and ABRAHAM LINCOLN ought to be brought to the same block together. Doubtless Mr. COX would cheerfully concede that it was an "error of taste and judgment," and refer us to Matthew, vi. 12. But those were the times that tried patriotic souls; and Mr. TREMAIN was not at Chicago crying for surrender to the rebellion and cheering the great hearts of GEORGE N. SAUNDERS and JACOB THOMPSON, but at Baltimore, helping to nominate ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By all means let us forgive, but we will not forget. The State of New York will prefer to vote so that the government may be continued in the hands of the friends of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, rather than given to those of the friends of GEORGE SAUNDERS and THOMPSON, and it will show its preference by electing Mr. TREMAIN.

THE GEORGIA REPUBLICANS.

THE Republicans of Georgia have in DAWSON A. WALKER a most upright, sagacious, and admirable candidate. Born just over the line, in Southern Tennessee, he is a sturdy representative of the best intelligence of his State, and should he be elected, Georgia would have a Governor of whom she would be justly proud. The Democrats are actively pushing their campaign, using the name of GREELEY to propitiate those whom they can, but with the plainest acknowledgment that their hope and purpose is a Democratic Administration. Judge WALKER and Mr. AKERMAN, ex-Attorney-General, are working faithfully. But the Legislature has just done what it could to defeat the Republican efforts. It has separated the State from the national elections, appointing the first for the second of October, thus leaving a very short time for the active campaign. The object of this movement was to enable the "straight" Democrats, who, as we have already mentioned, disdained to allow the "Liberals" any representative, even upon the electoral ticket, to vote for the "straight" State candidates, although they may not vote for Mr. GREELEY. This will probably result in showing a smaller vote for Judge WALKER in October than for the President in November. Another object of this legislation was the reduction of the colored vote by limitation of the time for paying the poll-tax, which is a condition of the colored vote in Georgia.

The nomination of Judge WALKER shows that the Republicans of Georgia intend to free themselves from the taint of the BULLOCK administration. And the election of an honest and firm and reasonable Administration Republican would do very much more for "reconciliation" and peace and good-will and confidence than that of a Democrat representing the restless expectation of somehow undoing reconstruction.

THE ARMOR OF CHARACTER.

COLONEL M'COMB has sued a company called the Credit Mobilier of America to recover the value of some shares which he claims as his property. He swears that Mr. OAKES AMES, a late member of Congress from Massachusetts, used these shares in 1868 in bribing certain members of Congress to favor his schemes, and produces a list which he says was prepared by Mr. AMES, who also wrote to Colonel M'COMB that he intended to place the stock in Washington, "where it would do most good." Upon the list which Colonel M'COMB swears that Mr. AMES prepared and gave to him appear the names of some of the most honorable members of Congress at the time—Senators HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts; and PATTERSON, of New Hampshire; Speakers COLFAX and BLAINE; Messrs. BOUTWELL, DAWES, and ELIOT, of Massachusetts; BINGHAM and GARFIELD, of Ohio; KELLEY and SCOFIELD, of Pennsylvania.

This memorandum was published on the eve of the election in Maine. Its object was evident. It was to compel the Republican candidate for Vice-President, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Speaker of the House, the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, to state that they were not corrupt. Mr. Speaker BLAINE, at whom the GREELEY papers especially thrust the story in the hope of defeating him at the pending election, thought proper, because, as he said, "this particular falsehood is circumstantially narrated, and is, I understand, to be widely distributed over the Third District in order to influence the vote on Monday next," to give it the most peremptory and unqualified denial. He stigmatized it as "a mere campaign canard utterly baseless and groundless. I never owned a dollar in the company in my life, either directly or indirectly, through myself or through another." This emphatic denial was most natural and complete, but we do not believe there was one honest man in the country who believed that the gentlemen named had received bribes. And most certainly we do not suppose that the papers which published the story believed it, as we are very sure Senator TRUMBULL does not believe what he constantly states the friends of the Administration assert—that a quarter of the revenue is annually stolen in the collection.

But the direct and unequivocal denial of Speaker BLAINE is now called by the GREELEY organs inadequate and evasive. Why? Because, they say, he was not charged with owning the stock, but with pocketing the price of it, which he does not deny! And to such a depth of disgraceful pettifogging the advocates of "Old Honesty," and "Old Purity," and, so to speak, "High old Reform," have fallen! For what is the substance of the charge? Simply that directly or indirectly, by owning the stock or receiving its price, Mr. BLAINE and the other gentlemen were bribed. And he says that the whole story is "utterly baseless and groundless," that he never owned a dollar, therefore never received a dollar, "directly or indirectly, through myself or through another." No man who reads his card but feels that he means to brand the charge of bribery and corruption, however made, as utterly false, and nobody doubts that he has done it.

And he would equally have done it had he not said a word. For notwithstanding the incessant and reckless slander voided by the GREELEY press upon all who do not with them denounce the President of the United States as a military despot, and both a knave and a fool, character is still sufficient to repel calumny. Mr. ELIOT, of Massachusetts, one of the purest men who ever sat in Congress, is dead and beyond the reach of malice. But the personal character of such men as BOUTWELL, WILSON, PATTERSON, COLFAX, and the others, is not less invulnerable. If a memorandum should be opportunely found and published implying that Chief Justice CHURCH, of this State, or Mr. KERNAN, or Mr. TILDEN, had been directly or indirectly bribed with money, there would be no need of a denial from them, although probably Mr. KERNAN, like Mr. BLAINE, might think it expedient to brand the charge as totally false. They are Democrats of the straitest sect, but they are also gentlemen whose characters repel such shafts of slander.

There is not the smallest hint of proof that the money or the stock mentioned by Mr. AMES was ever appropriated in the manner in which he is said to have intended to use it. It is, of course, possible for some persons ingeniously to misrepresent the plainest circumstances. But honorable men do not find it possible. The loud complaint of the hour is the degradation of our politics. But how can they be otherwise than degraded if great newspapers condescend to attempt to blacken the character as well as to dispute the opinions of their opponents?

A GOOD SIGN.

AMONG the pleasant incidents of the campaign is a request to the Hon. L. BRADFORD PRINCE, of Flushing, signed by his constituents of both parties, that he will be a candidate for re-election to the Legislature. The request is made upon the ground of his efficient care of the local interests of his district, his prominent part in general legislation, and especially in the reform of the judiciary. Mr. PRINCE was chairman of the Judiciary Committee in the last Assembly, reported in favor of the impeachment of the judges, and was one of the managers in the trial. He is a gentleman of the highest character. But although a Republican, he has been twice elected to the Assembly by more than a thousand majority in his Democratic district, and his return for a third term would be a signal compliment to his personal character and official fidelity.

Another member of the last Legislature, who was one of the most efficient and honorable men in the House, is the Hon. D. W. JUDD, of Richmond County. Many Democrats also voted for him, both because of their personal respect and because of dissatisfaction with their party candidate. Mr. PRINCE and Mr. JUDD are both young men, and a Legislature of such would cleanse the name of Albany.

PERSONAL.

ROCHEFORT has deposited with the governor of his prison the first part of his history of the Second Empire. It is thought the THIERS government will gladly consent to its publication. The book will sell, of course, for the Parisians retain a sly well-wish for their pet *gamin*, who wants, besides, to provide the means to complete the education of his son—destined to be an artist.

—The largest Egg in Europe has just been broken in Naples—a commercial firm bearing that name having failed, with liabilities to the amount of $3,000,000.

—Earl RUSSELL, or Lord JOHN RUSSELL, as he is better known, has just entered upon his eightieth year, and although for fifty-nine years in political harness, forty-eight of which were in the House of Commons, is still hale enough to discharge the duties of a peer, and enjoy himself as much as possible for an octogenarian. He entered Parliament in 1813, five years after his great contemporary, Lord PALMERSTON, who died in 1865, at eighty-one. The two statesmen were in one respect alike: each had held high offices under the government, including the premiership, for half a century. Of all those who were members of the House of Commons in 1813 when Earl RUSSELL entered it, not one now survives.

—Mr. LATIMER, of Philadelphia, has a laudable ambition to keep up the family reputation. He claims to be a direct descendant of the martyred bishop, and has bought Sir GEORGE HAYTER'S picture of the burning of his ancestor, by way of a pleasant family reminiscence.

—Speaking of Hebrews, it may be mentioned that two of that race, Sir G. JESSEL and Mr. COHEN, are acting as advisers of the British government at the conference at Geneva. Another Jew, Mr. P. A. PHILLIPS, the first member of that race who has ever been chosen for that position in the Australian colonies, has just been re-elected mayor of Auckland. Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, now in his ninetieth year, has returned from his mission to St. Petersburg on behalf of the Jews.

—SHAKSPEARE was married at 18; DANTE, FRANKLIN, and BULWER at 24; KEPLER, MOZART, and WALTER SCOTT at 26; WASHINGTON, NAPOLEON I., and BYRON at 27; ROSSINI, the first time at 30, and the second time at 54; SCHILLER and WEBER at 31, ARISTOPHANES at 36, WELLINGTON at 37, TALMA at 39, LUTHER at 42, ADDISON at 44, YOUNG at 47, SWIFT at 49, BUFFON at 23, and GOETHE at 57.

—Several Americans have recently been elected to the Dominion Parliament—among them Mr. JOSEPH M. CURRIER, for Ottawa city, a man largely in lumber; Mr. JOSEPH RYNAL, the wit of the House, for Wentworth; Mr. COLBY, for Stanstead; Mr. POPE, for Compton; Mr. SCRIVER, for Huntington; Mr. HALTON, for Chateaugay. All these gentlemen have got on famously in Canada, and in various ways, civil and social, have made their mark.

—Bishop EASTBURN, of Massachusetts, who died on the 12th inst., at the age of seventy-one, stood seventh on the roll of bishops of the American Episcopal Church. There are forty-five below him. Of his seniors, SMITH, of Kentucky, is superannuated, and M'ILVAINE, of Ohio, and WHITTINGHAM, of Maryland, are nearly so, each of the three having an assistant bishop. M'COSKRY, of Michigan, must, in the ordinary course of events, soon become presiding bishop. He is a stalwart, healthy man, in his sixty-eighth year, and was consecrated in 1836, when only thirty-two years of age. Bishop EASTBURN was a very refined gentleman, a very Low Churchman, but a decided stickler for Episcopal authority. He loved the éclat of "the lawn," and always stood sturdily up for his order; but theologically he was as little of a Churchman as any bishop, priest, or layman of that communion could be and decorously keep within the traces.

—Lord LYTTON is again to delight us with a new novel, to be called "Henelm Chillingly: his Adventures and Opinions."

—Miss KELLOGG is said to have respectfully declined the large heart, the honest hand, and the very long purse of an eminent Russian count.

—Professor AGASSIZ had an ovation at San Francisco on the 2d inst., at the meeting of the Academy of Sciences. In a neat little speech he remarked that the geological survey in California has been conducted in a manner which makes it a perfect model, far superior to the survey of any other State. They had in San Francisco more wealth, or men of more wealth, than in Boston, and these gentlemen in San Francisco might be led to see how excellent and beautiful a use it is of wealth to use it as do some of the men of Massachusetts. Twenty-five years ago there was not a specimen of natural history in the possession of Harvard College; now, in the museum there, so many specimens are collected that twenty-four persons are constantly at work in caring for and arranging them, and the people of Massachusetts had been for some years giving him with reference to this institution all the money he could easily use to good advantage. The universities of America were rapidly growing, and he trusted that, old as he was, he should yet see them attracting students from the Old World; and by the time that happened he hoped the University of California would be so far advanced as to draw some of those European students through the Atlantic States over to San Francisco Bay. He also told them that the harvest of his expedition had been so large that in 269 days' absence from home they packed up 242 barrels and cases of specimens of natural history, and should take home so much to Cambridge that it would be absolutely necessary to enlarge the buildings of the museum to hold it and display it properly.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE State election in Maine occurred on the 9th instant, and resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Republicans, their majority being about 16,000. The successful candidates are: Governor, Sidney Perham; Congressmen, 1, John H. Burleigh; 2, William P. Frye; 3, James G. Blaine; 4, Samuel F. Hersey; 5, Eugene Hale.

The Massachusetts Democrats and Liberal Republicans met in convention at Worcester, September 11, and nominated Hon. Charles Sumner for Governor.

The Indians in the West are again on the war-path. A special dispatch from Sioux City states that a severe engagement took place recently, in which our troops lost forty men, while the Indians lost but eleven.

William Forrester, the alleged murderer of Mr. Benjamin Nathan, was arrested in Washington, D. C., on the 8th instant, and brought to this city for examination.

Three serious accidents occurred September 10. A train on the Pennsylvania Railroad was wrecked near Middletown, Pennsylvania, by a misplaced switch. Thirteen persons were injured, and the engineer had several ribs broken. The other two were marine, and more fatal to human life. The schooner *Emily Graham* was wrecked on Prince Edward Island, and nine persons lost; and eight of the steamship *Edith Emily's* crew were drowned by the vessel's running ashore.

A contract has been ratified between the Erie Railway and the New York, Boston, and Montreal Railroad, providing for the joint use of the latter road between New York, Boston, and Montreal. The arrangement will give the Erie road access to the manufactories of New England, such as the Central road has long enjoyed by its connection with the Boston and Albany road.

Princeton College commenced its one hundred and twenty-fifth year on the 7th inst. President M'Cosh delivered an address to the students in the college chapel.

The Democrats and Liberal Republicans of this city held mass-meetings in and about Tammany Hall and Irving Hall on the night of the 12th inst. Speeches were made by Fernando Wood, S. S. Cox, Chauncey M. Depew, Governor Walker, and R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, General Banks, and others.

The Democrats and Liberals of Kansas have united in the nomination of T. H. Walker and John Walruff for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT THIERS has been informed by M. Bourgoing that the Pope has abandoned all idea of leaving Rome.

The Geneva Court of Arbitration held its final meeting September 14, when Count Sclopis, the president, announced the award of $15,500,000 in gold to be paid by the British government to the United States for damages inflicted by the *Alabama* and other rebel cruisers.

The General Council of the Internationals has been removed from London to this city.

A riot broke out in Berlin on the 7th inst., growing out of the advanced price of beer. Messrs. Hopf & Co.'s brewery was completely demolished by one of the mobs. The police finally succeeded in suppressing the demonstrations, but not before many persons had been injured.

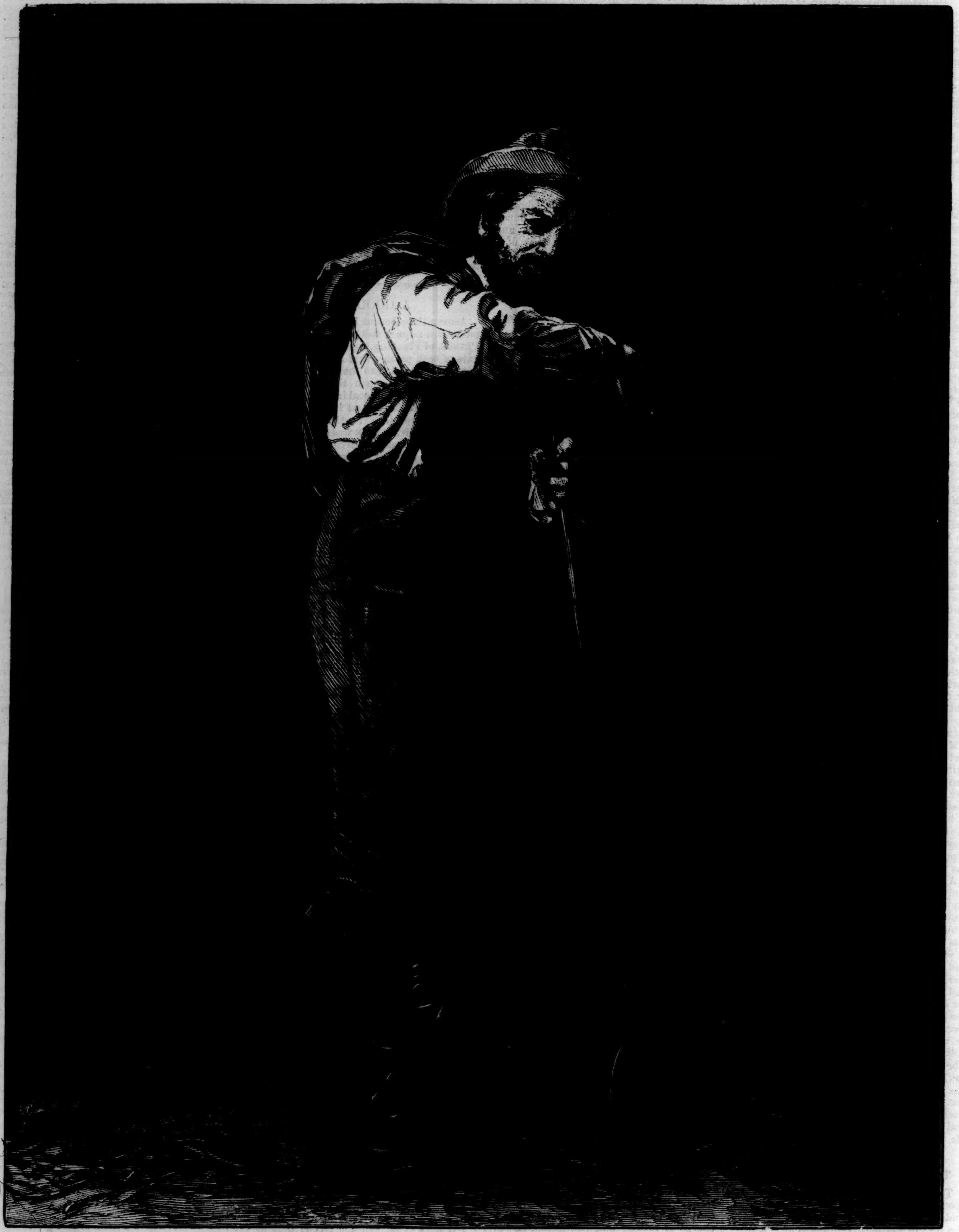
The Carlists are again becoming troublesome. Fresh outbreaks are reported on the frontier. A number of the insurgents attacked a prison in Salas de las Infantes, in the province of Burgos, released their imprisoned friends, and then burned the building to the ground.

The corporation of Berlin has extended to Prince Bismarck an honorary citizenship. The Premier in his reply expressed a wish that history should stand still for a while.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the cross of the order of St. Stephen of Hungary on Bismarck, Gortschakoff, and General Manteuffel; Count Andrassy has been decorated with the order of the Black Eagle by the Emperor of Germany, and with the order of St. Andrew by the Emperor of Russia; the Emperor William has made the Emperor of Austria honorary colonel of the Schleswig-Holstein regiment of Hussars; and the sons of the Prince Imperial of Germany have been appointed to colonelcies in the Russian army.

Another disaster at sea is reported. A dispatch from Lisbon says that the English steamship *Beta* has been totally wrecked off the coast of Portugal.

A late dispatch from the agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company fully confirms the reported loss of the *America*. It adds that three of the European crew and thirty-three Chinese passengers perished.



THE FARMER'S QUESTION—"IS HORACE GREELEY A FOOL OR A KNAVE?"

THE PRIESTHOOD AND MARRIAGE.

We give herewith, from the *Independent* of September 12, a very forcible and interesting letter by Père Hyacinthe, who has taken the name of Loyson, on the right of a Catholic priest to marry. The letter derives additional interest from the fact that he has carried his theory into practice by contracting a marriage, on the 3d inst., with an American lady, Mrs. Emilie J. Merriman. Madame Loyson is a native of the State of New York, and has lived in this city for several years, although much of her time of late has been spent abroad. Her first husband died some years ago. She possesses much versatility of talents. She has been an occasional correspondent of several of the leading papers of this country, her style being characterized by vigor and distinctness. As an artist she has achieved considerable reputation both in painting and sculpture. As a linguist, also, Madame Loyson has rare powers, and speaks several of the European languages with great ease and fluency.

THE LETTER.

[From the *Independent*, September 12.]

And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.—Acts, xx. 22-24.

Paris, *August*, 1872.

To the Editor of the Independent:

The determination at which I have arrived belongs of its own nature to the privacy of individual life, and relates to that which is most intimate, dearest, and most sacred in human existence.

The character of a priest, which I have no intention and no wish to renounce, impresses on this act, in spite of myself, a startling publicity, I might almost say a terrible solemnity. If marriage were for me merely a personal satisfaction, I should not think of it for a moment. I know too well that the pure and humble home which I create will be insulted by some, deserted by others, and that it must embrace within its circle anguish and happiness together.

My principal grief is that I shall have afflicted many souls, that I shall have scandalized, certainly against my will, but no less certainly, some of those little ones who believe in Christ, and for whom I would gladly die. I give to the wicked and to the frivolous—two classes all too numerous, and who have a fatal facility for leading mankind—a new and powerful weapon, not only against myself, but against my cause. "He wished to marry," will be the cry from all sides, "and he had not the courage to say so." "He spake of infallibility, and i

was but a pretext: this high-sounding drama ends in an every-day comedy."

Determined beforehand to remain silent in the face of the attacks which will be leveled at me, I desire once for all to give to the thoughtful, and more especially to the Christian public, explanations which bear unavoidably a personal character, and this appears to me to be a duty I owe to the consciences which my example must of necessity either perplex or enlighten.

If I had left my convent for the purpose of marrying—which was not the case—I would not hesitate to admit it, for I should have done nothing which could not be openly avowed before those who place the natural law of God, with its inalienable rights and duties, above human laws, and especially above conventional engagements. That which is really a matter of guilt and blame is to drag on without conviction, and too often without morality, the chains of obligations which have ceased to bind, save only out of deference to the prejudices of the world and the calculations of individual interest. That which ought to excite reprobation, that which, for my part, I have always looked upon with horror, is not marriage, but sin! Unswervingly faithful to the principles and all-powerful prejudice which has prevailed for ages among the Latin nations, and especially among the French, I could never have been simple enough to hope that a few utterances against papal infallibility and against compulsory celibacy would change as by enchantment the whole current of opinion. In making the declaration which I have never for one moment ceased to make, and which I now once more repeat, that I intend to remain a Catholic and a priest, I should not have practically ameliorated in any degree my position in regard to marriage. I should, on the contrary, have aggravated it, and I should have created for myself, in a certain sense willfully, a situation which to most would have appeared illogical, insupportable, and without solution.

If I could have so trifled with my conscience, with the consciences of others, if for me the most formidable problems of religion had been but pretexts for my interests or my passions, it would have been more easy for me to have accomplished my object by inflicting on Protestantism an insult which it does not deserve, and deceiving the high-minded friends whom I number in its ranks. I could have found among them, by entering their communion, the justification which I should have sought for in vain under the banner of the Catholic opposition to the Council and the new dogma.

THE PRIESTHOOD AND MARRIAGE—MR. AND MRS. HYACINTHE LOYSON.

of the Catholic Church, I feel myself in no manner bound by its abuses; and I am profoundly convinced that among the most fatal of these abuses are perpetual vows. The fault of LUTHER lay not in that pure and pious marriage in which his example ought to be followed by the larger number of those who load him with maledictions; it was solely in his rupture with the legitimate traditions of the necessary unity of the Church.

I repeat, then, if I had quitted my convent in order to marry, if I had sacrificed the glorious pulpit of Notre Dame de Paris to a great and legitimate attachment—it may be, to a conscientious duty—I should not feel that in doing so I had done any thing which needed apology. But if I had not had sufficient frankness and courage, if for the sake of better preparing any secret designs I had consulted them under the veil of dogmatic controversies, I should have been guilty, deeply guilty, and I should have deserved to find myself disavowed and scorned by all honest hearts.

Only, if I may be allowed to say so, this mean calculation would have been no less absurd than unworthy. In the presence of the deeply rooted

No, my marriage has no connection with any religious convictions, nor with any act of the 20th of September, 1869—or rather, let me say, it is most intimately connected with them, but in that large and general sense which binds together all the steps achieved by a soul in progress toward light and liberty. I will express my meaning with entire openness. I owe to the rule of religious celibacy some of the most exquisite joys, some of the most profound and decisive experiences, of my existence. From the age of eighteen, when I chose it, I have observed it with a fidelity for which I give glory to God. If now, at the age of forty-five—in the calmness as well as in the maturity of my judgment, of my heart, of my conscience, in a word, of my whole being—I believe myself bound to renounce it, it is that marriage comes home to me as one of those laws of the moral government of the world which can not be set aside without overturning the fabric of life, and without running counter to the will of God. I did not say that this law comes home to all. I believe that celibacy may be a holy and glorious exception. I only say that this law presents itself unmistakably to me. When a man has received in his heart, as another exception no less rare, holy, and glorious, that pure and lofty love in which the world does not believe, because it is not worthy of it, such a man, be he priest or be he monk, has the most absolute proof that he is not of the number of those self-dedicated victims of whom the Gospel speaks. Such a man am I; and here once more I give glory to God for what he has wrought in me. Such workings of his spirit may appear contradictory; but their true harmony is known to him. At the very moment when I seemed to be abandoned, renounced by my friends and by my kinsmen, exiled by blow upon blow from my Church, from my country, from my family, he sent on my solitary and desolate path a noble and holy affection, a sublime devotion, poor in this world's goods, rich in the gifts of intellect and of heart; and when all had crumbled away, alone, or almost alone, this support remained to me. Surely this support would not be what it ought to be, I should not recognize the blessing which God has given me, were I to hesitate in seeking for it the consecration of marriage.

And why should it be otherwise? I see no reasons which make marriage unlawful to me; for I can not admit as such the law of any ecclesiastical system, and still less the prejudices of my fellow-countrymen.

I will ever submit myself to the laws of the Church when I am not called upon to recognize as such what Jesus Christ, speaking to the Pharisees of the ancient people, already designated as "the commandments of men which made of no effect the commandments of God." (Matthew, xv. 6-9.) It is fully admitted that celibacy is not an article of faith; it ought to be acknowledged that it is not even a matter of Catholic discipline, but merely of the discipline of the Latin Church. Even at this hour, in the East, the Catholic clergy are married, with the full approbation of the Holy See. It is true that such marriages must precede and not follow ordination; but this restriction, besides being full of objections, is without meaning in the eyes of sound judgment, and does not the less establish in all its strength the principle that, in the mind of the Church, there exists no real incompatibility between the two great sacraments of ordination and marriage.

The countervailing prejudice belongs to a perversion of moral ideas, which one has a right to marvel at finding among Christian nations. How have they come to degrade marriage to this base and unworthy conception of it, which is as repugnant to the delicate and generous instincts of the heart as to the teachings of revelation? Truly, if marriage is but a concession to the infirmity or even to the passions of our nature, I admit that it is for the priest a degradation and defilement. But I am then equally at a loss to see how it can be reconciled with the dignity conferred by Christian baptism, with the holiness which our Christian profession demands; and, to be logical, it would be necessary, with TERTULLIAN, to forbid it to true Christians every where. Christian marriage—the only marriage of which I speak—is not a concession to our weakness, it is not even a mere means for perpetuating our race; it is, if I may be allowed to quote myself, "the most complete, the most intimate, and the most holy union that can exist between two human beings." It is thus that I defined it only five years ago in the pulpit of Notre Dame; and I added, with St. PAUL and the whole Catholic tradition, that it has been since the Gospel the mysterious and the radiant likeness of the union of the Divine Word with human flesh—of the union of Christ with the Church—"Sacramentum hoc magnum est, ego autem dico in Christo et in Ecclesia." (Ephesians, v. 32.) It is because we no longer understand the doctrine of the apostles, nor the examples of the first Christians, that we have ceased to see in the union of husband and wife "the estate of marriage honorable in all" (Hebrews, xiii. 4); that we have come to regard it as incompatible with the condition of the perfect life; and that we shudder to think of the proximity of the altar of God to the family hearth, which also ought to be a sanctuary, and in one sense the first of all sanctuaries!

Another error, not less fatal and not less widely spread, consists in regarding the state of celibacy as capable of being made the subject of a perpetual engagement. Precisely because it relates to what is most personal, most delicate, and, I ought to add, most perilous in the relations of the soul with God, celibacy ought to remain at each moment of its duration the work of grace

and of liberty. Only to the Holy Spirit of God does it belong to attract toward it and to maintain in it the small number of exceptional beings whom he has rendered capable. But no human authority, neither the authority of councils nor of popes, can impose as a commandment, and especially as an eternal commandment, that concerning which Jesus Christ himself only spoke a word of counsel "to those who are able to receive it." "Now concerning the unmarried," wrote the Apostle St. PAUL to the Corinthians, "I have received no commandment of the Lord: but I give my counsel." (1 Corinthians, vii. 25.) This counsel it is the mission of the Church to transmit to all through the course of ages, but without imposing it on any one; and, if I may here speak my whole mind, there is not a single case in which the Church should prohibit marriage to its pastors, but there are a thousand where it ought to command them to marry.

The individual himself has not the power of making an absolute surrender of a right which at any moment and in so many ways is liable to be changed into a duty. In answer to my question on the liberty of the clergy, whether secular or regular, with regard to marriage, one of the most learned and most pious bishops of the Roman Church (it will be easily understood that I do not feel justified in giving his name) wrote to me these words: "Such a step is always permissible, often necessary, and sometimes a sacred duty." Similar convictions exist in the most enlightened minds, among those especially who possess the light of experience, and who know the state of the clergy and the practical condition of human life; and, if such convictions are not expressed freely, it is the fault of the iron yoke which weighs upon the bishops as well as upon the priests, no less than the culpable connivance of public opinion.

I have just named public opinion. As much as I respect this in its legitimate expressions and requirements, in that same proportion do I despise it when it rests only on prejudice. To recoil before a prejudice is to recoil before that which has no real existence, and is even to give by that means a body and a force to this empty phantom. Is not this, however, what is done every day through a mixture of puerile fear and hypocritical subserviency by the minds most capable of counteracting the errors of their time? Fatal power of falsehood, which has ruined and which still ruins our unfortunate country! It is this which obliges me at this moment to seek on a foreign soil the consecration which the law, or at least the legal authorities, of France would refuse to my marriage, because I have at the same time the honor and the misfortune to be a priest. But I will make no further concession to this false spirit. I shall return, keeping my head erect and my heart calm, without fear, as without anger; and nothing shall hinder me from inhabiting that country and breathing that air which are mine, and which shall remain dear to me in spite of the iniquities by which they have been profaned. Nothing shall hinder me from claiming for each one of my brethren in the priesthood the legal right of marriage, the violation of which not only in a whole class of citizens, but even in the person of a single man, should suffice to place the legislation of a people under the ban of truly civilized nations.

Yes, I am convinced France, no less than the Church, needs the example which I give, and of which the fruits shall be reaped by the future, even should they fail in the present. I know well the true state of my country, and while it was still willing to hear my voice I never failed to preach to it that its regeneration must come through the life of the family. I tore aside without mercy the veil of its sumptuous and deceptive prosperity, and I laid bare the two sores which waste it, and which mutually envenom one another: "marriage without love, and love without marriage—that is to say, marriage and love without Christianity." ("Conferences sur la Famille," 1866.) I know well also the true state of our clergy, and know all the devotion and virtue that are to be found in its ranks; but I am not ignorant of how much it needs in a vast proportion of its members to be reconciled with the interest, the affections, and the duties of human nature and of civil society. It is only by breaking with the traditions of a blind asceticism, and of a theocracy which is, in fact, more political than religious, that the priest, become once more a man and a citizen, should at the same time find himself more truly a priest. "That he rule well his own house," says St. PAUL, "having his children in subjection with all gravity; for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?"—1 Timothy, iii. 4, 5.

Such is the reform without which all others will be illusory and sterile. Let us bow to the spirit of God, if we believe in its power to maintain in the midst of us a chosen band of priests, and daughters of charity, whose celibacy, always free and always voluntary, shall be truly a state of purity, a state of joy, or at least of peace, in sacrifice; but at the same time let us hasten the moment when the law of the Church and the law of France shall constitute in liberty, in purity, in dignity, the marriage of the clergy—that is to say, the concentration of all the influences of family and religion in the model of a Christian home.

I am nothing, O my God; but I feel myself called by thee to break the chains which thou hast not made, and which weigh so heavily, often, alas! so shamefully, on the holy tribe of thy priesthood. I am a frail and fallible man; but, nevertheless, thy grace hath made me strong to brave the tyranny of opinion, to refuse to bow before the prejudices of my time and country, and hath made me steadfast to act as though there were in the world naught save my conscience and thee.

HYACINTHE LOYSON.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A LEGACY.

WITH a beating heart, and a mind presaging she knew not what of evil, Jenny broke the envelope and seal (a large one, with the Tyndall crest upon it, the die of which she had seen in the library), and read as follows:

"I, Helen Tyndall, being in sound health of mind, though sorely troubled and distressed therein, hereby do make confession that on the 24th of November last, being with Alice Renn on the wooden bridge above the lasher, near her house, I did maliciously push her into the river, being incited thereto by hate and jealousy—and this is the truth, whatever this girl may choose to say to the contrary, out of pretended tenderness for my memory, and to suit her own ends. Moreover, I hereby solemnly declare that I do go in fear of my life from my husband, Arthur Tyndall, who loves me not, but is bent on my death, in order that he may marry the girl aforesaid; and I charge whosoever shall find this paper to make strict inquiry into the cause of whatsoever death I shall have died: whether by sudden seizure of disease (as it may have appeared), or by (seeming) accident, such as the being thrown out of a carriage, or drowning (with both which he has menaced me), so that the guilt may be brought home where it is due.

"SWANSDALE HALL, *December* 31, 1860."

Jenny rose, staggered to the door, and locked it; then dropped into her chair to think—if the passing through her brain of a score of weird and hideous speculations could be termed *thinking*.

"And but two hours ago," muttered she, with that self-mocking smile which is Despair's forlornest wear, "he told me that I should be even happier than I was!" Shocked and horrified as she was, however, her natural good sense, even in that extremity, soon rallied itself, and led her from the contemplation of her own wretchedness to examine the grounds on which it had arisen. She had hardly any doubt in her own mind that Helen had written the document that lay before her; it was scarce humanly possible that so base and wicked a trick could have been played upon her by another; but still there *was* a doubt, and she hastened to resolve it. The late Mrs. Tyndall's handwriting was not familiar to her; but in the music-stand in that very room, close to the small seraphine on which she had been wont to play, were several books that had belonged to her predecessor, and perhaps one of them would have her name written on its fly-leaf. She opened one—the oldest of them, as it happened, and just within it were the words, *Helen Somers, from her dear Mamma, March* 18, 1854. That must have been when Helen was quite a girl, and yet the handwriting corresponded nearly with that of the document; still it was possible that her mother might have written the words. Jenny opened another: *Helen Tyndall, August*, 1860, and compared it with the *Helen Tyndall, December* 31, 1860. There could be no longer any doubt; the autographs were identical.

Two years ago, then, or twenty-three months exactly, just after she had recovered from her last illness, from the effects of which she was still suffering when she went abroad, Helen had written that terrible statement with her own hand; and she had perished leaving the lie behind her, in hopes to blacken her husband's memory! Not for one instant did Jenny believe that the thing was true, and yet it made her scarcely less wretched than if she had believed it. For what an extremity of desperation and malignancy must have possessed this woman to write such a document upon the *chance* that some such catastrophe might happen as actually did occur!

"*Or by (seeming) accident, such as being thrown out of a carriage.*"

Jenny's blood ran cold, as she reperused these words, at the idea of how easily this infamous document might have fallen into other hands, and *been believed.* Nay, how was it that it had escaped that mischance? How was it possible that Mrs. Glyn, or whoever had set that cabinet in order for her (Jenny's) use (as had evidently been done), could have omitted to see it, lying as it did in the most obvious place, with the exception of the open desk itself, that it could lie? Or, again, was it possible that Mrs. Glyn had found it, read it, and sealed it up again in order that it might meet the very eyes which had just perused it? The housekeeper had always held herself stiffly—almost antagonistically—with respect to her; and certainly, if she had become acquainted with this terrible statement (wherein her new mistress was, in fact, distinctly designated as the cause of her predecessor's untimely end), it was no wonder. But, on the other hand, the housekeeper's dislike of Jenny had by no means been so marked that it could be set down to a cause that might well have justified even loathing, and, moreover, it had of late months very sensibly mitigated, which it surely would not have done under the circumstances supposed. What was not the least remarkable in this strange and shocking document was its mixture of truth and falsehood; the unnecessary confession of the writer's own offense against Jenny in conjunction with the slanderous accusation brought against Arthur. What need had there been for Helen to accuse herself at all? On reflection, however, Jenny concluded that this had been done to make the *vraisemblance* of the false charge more striking. Helen knew that she would be dead before the document was discovered—or "chanced" it (and it was this "chancing" so many things that was one of the most dreadful features in the case, as evidencing her utter desperation)—and had therefore cared not what should be said against herself, if only she could disgrace and harm him of whom she was so frantically and unjustly jealous; while the very fact of her confessing so solemnly to such a crime would give a plausibility to the rest of her statement; and, moreover, she could not be sure that Jenny herself would not reveal what had happened at the lasher, even if she had not already done so. Finally, the motive of the whole proceeding seemed only too clear: either to prevent Arthur's marriage with herself (Jenny), or if it had taken place, then to render them both wretched.

And with one, at least, it had succeeded. In spite of her confidence in her husband's innocence, and of the indignant flush which her absorbing love for him called up when the shadow of a suspicion of his guilt came across her mind, yet at times it would cross it. The poison of Suggestion stole into her being despite all opposition, or even, perhaps, assisted by it, for with every struggle the hateful presumption seemed to grow more specious.

"Suppose," at last she found herself saying, "that this is *true*"—and in an instant, without, as it seemed, volition of her own, she was standing on the hearth-rug, holding the envelope with its contents above the flame; but the next moment she turned away, with a "No; I will not. If it could be true—if it were possible to believe that Arthur could be guilty—I would have burned this thing, lest it should harm him; but knowing that he is as innocent of crime as the child I bear within me, I keep it. It may do its worst."

This revelation of her own faith in her husband comforted her for a little; but as she sat pondering whether to tell him or not of what she had discovered, again she found herself on the old track of thought. She was still free from doubt of Arthur, or flattered herself that she was so; but putting the supposititious case of another having found this paper who had her own lights to guide him to a conclusion, she was compelled to confess that it was only too likely to be an adverse one. For why had her husband never so much as opened his lips concerning his late wife, unless they had been sealed by some secret known to himself alone? And why had his frame shrunk to a skeleton and his hair turned gray within a few months of her decease, unless remorse had withered the one and bleached the other? Assumed it was *not* remorse—which, for her own part, she took for granted—yet there must be some motive for such reticence; and his disinclination to enter upon the subject had, at all events, this effect, that she resolved to keep her present discovery to herself.

Her first proceeding was to satisfy herself that it was her own to keep—that it was not already shared by another. With this intent she rang her bell, and desired the maid to send Mrs. Glyn to the boudoir. The housekeeper came, respectful, quiet, unconciliating, without any symptom of such embarrassment as might have been looked for had she been in expectation of the event that had just occurred. The summons was unusual; for Jenny, accustomed to wait upon herself, rarely required the services even of her maid; and there was just a touch of surprise in the woman's inquiry as to what her mistress might be pleased to want, and that was all.

"I want your advice, Mrs. Glyn, as to a new distribution of the furniture here: the arrangement does not quite please me. This cabinet, for instance, as it strikes me, is too close to the fire-place."

"Possibly, madam. The late Mrs. Tyndall used it as her desk, which caused it to be placed in that position. Perhaps it should stand nearer the window."

"That is just what I was thinking, Mrs. Glyn. Here, for instance. Would you mind helping me to push it there, and to put this reading-table in its place?—Thanks."

Other little alterations were made; and then Jenny remarked how beautifully clean and thoroughly in order every thing had been kept.

"I am glad you are pleased, madam," was the housekeeper's stiff rejoinder. It did not please her to be praised for such a simple act of duty.

"Did you take all this trouble with your own hands, Mrs. Glyn?"

"Certainly, madam. I cleaned out every drawer myself. It was not for a servant—that is, an *under*-servant," added the old lady, proudly—"to be peeping and prying into cabinets and such-like, where, for all I knew, my late mistress might have left things of a private nature."

Jenny felt cold to her very heart: the old lady spoke with such significance, and almost severity, that she began to fear the worst. She was determined, however, to know it, if it was so, and not, at least, to suffer from suspense.

"And *did* you find any thing of that nature?" inquired she, boldly.

"No, madam," replied the old lady, more stiffly than ever, and with a what-is-that-to-you? expression of countenance. "If I had done so, it would, of course, have been my duty to inform my master of the circumstance."

"True," said Jenny, thoughtfully. She was far too deeply interested in the matter in hand to be annoyed by the other's manner; her mind was occupied by the alternatives of the case. If this woman was speaking the truth—and she had little doubt but that she was—the document must have been found elsewhere by somebody else, and placed, after the "putting to rights" had been effected, in the spot where she had found it. Of course this might have been done by some servant of the house; but that seemed in the highest degree improbable. As to Jenny's own maid, Susan—a most excellent girl, but a persistent chatter-box—her mistress felt convinced that had she become possessed of such a secret she could not have kept it to herself for four-and-twenty hours.

"No one but Susan has access to the boudoir, I believe, Mrs. Glyn?"

"Certainly not, madam; and after my late mistress's death, and until you came"—there was an ungraciousness about those last three words that amounted to downright incivility—"the room was always locked, and the key kept in my possession. I sincerely trust that nothing is a-missing: nothing ever *has* been a-missing—"

"Nor is likely to be while you are here, Mrs. Glyn," interrupted Jenny, gently. "You must not be angry with me, my good friend, if I ask you one question more."

The soft answer turned away the housekeeper's wrath, and made her sensible of the impropriety of her manner. "Angry, madam? I hope not. It would be very wrong in me, as well as out of my place, to be so; but I was annoyed lest something should have been lost."

"Nothing has been lost; but yet I wish to ask you whether, to your knowledge, this room has been entered since the late Mrs. Tyndall's death by any one but Susan and yourself?"

"By no one, madam.—Stay," added the housekeeper; "let me be quite correct. There was one old lady, last July, just after your marriage, who asked to see the grounds; many do so in the summer months; and my orders were from my master, as from his father before him, always to admit such visitors. After she had seen the garden she wished to go over the house. I was laid up myself with rheumatism, but one of the girls came to me with the request—I think it was Jane—and I said 'No.' Then the lady sent her back again with her address card—'Mrs. Montague,' from London, if I remember right—and the message that she asked the favor as having been an old acquaintance of my late mistress; and then, of course, I was obliged to give way; and Jane went with her over the whole house, this room included, for I recollect giving out the key."

"Had you any remembrance of your late mistress knowing such a person?"

"No; I confess I had not, ma'am. But then she had many London acquaintances whom I did not know, and this might very well have been one of them; and if so, it would have been thought very uncivil in me to have refused permission. A person in my position can not act upon her own responsibility, you see."

"I quite understand. You did very right, Mrs. Glyn; and there has been no harm done. So far as I am concerned, pray use your own discretion in future concerning visitors, which I am sure will be always judicious. But it is your taste I want just now as to these chairs and tables."

So Jenny went on to rearrange the furniture; reconciling herself with the old lady at the same time by accepting her suggestions, until the latter came down from her pedestal of lofty self-respect, and seemed quite won over to her new mistress. Jenny now felt positively certain, first, that the housekeeper had no knowledge of the document left by Helen; and secondly, that somebody had, or else how could it have been placed where she had found it? That person, whoever it was, probably knew also the contents of the envelope, since, otherwise, he (or she) would surely have opened it (since it was addressed to the finder), and in so doing have broken the seal, which bore no trace of reimpression. This individual, then, must have been a confidante of Helen's, and intrusted with the document for the very purpose of placing it, in case of her death, where it was sure to meet Jenny's eyes. Jenny's suspicions naturally fixed themselves on Mrs. Montague. Later in the day, therefore, she took an opportunity of questioning Jane about that personage. The girl well remembered the circumstance of the lady's visit, and of her being shown over the house and boudoir. She was an old lady, gray and somewhat feeble, and wore blue spectacles to keep the glare from her eyes. She spoke very little, but seemed interested in what she saw. She was staying for a few days, as she understood her to say, at the *Railway Hotel;* and the visit was made late in the month, within a day or two, in fact, of the Tyndalls' return home from the Continent.

The knowledge thus acquired that there was some living being whom she could challenge and confront concerning this cowardly attack on Arthur gave Jenny unspeakable satisfaction. This horrible shadow of suspicion, which might have darkened her days forever had she had to combat through it with the Dead, might surely now be dissipated; and it should be the object of her life to get this done. It was hard, however, to control her emotions, to simulate happiness in her tone and ease in her manner to her husband when he came in that day from shooting, and met her with his accustomed caress. It was hard to lend a ready ear to his talk at table of the birds in "the four-acre" which had got up wild, yet fallen right and left to his double-barrel, and of the single bird that had risen at his very feet in the turnips and got away scot-free. And yet his very cheerfulness gave her comfort in the assurance (needless though it was) that such wholesome simple thoughts could never have an abiding-place in a mind that carried such a burden as had been imputed to it by the slanderous paper which she carried in her bosom—not for love, but safety, next to the little golden anchor, which had been restored to her once more.

In the drawing-room that evening she cautiously ventured upon the question on which she had been meditating for hours.

"By-the-bye, dear, Mrs. Glyn tells me that when we were away in Italy a visitor called and asked to see the grounds."

"It is likely enough, my darling," answered he, carelessly; "I dare say there were a dozen;

and he must have been of a very moderate disposition not to have insisted upon seeing the house also. For though, goodness knows, there is not much to look at, I've known my poor father—who never refused a request of that kind, however unreasonable—retire from room to room, in order that sight-seers should have their will in that respect."

"Oh, but this was not an ordinary sight-seer; it was a lady, who said that she was an old acquaintance."

"Indeed! Dear me," observed he, smiling; "has Mrs. Glyn been making you jealous, Jenny?"

"An acquaintance not of yours, Arthur, but of—of Helen's—a Mrs. Montague."

The smile faded suddenly away from Arthur's features; it was the first time that Helen's name had been mentioned between them; he remained quite silent.

"Do you remember the name of Montague?" inquired Jenny, timidly.

"I never heard of it. I am nearly sure the person must have been an impostor. Those tourist people will say any thing to gain admittance where they have no business."

The speech was wholly unlike Arthur. There was no exclusiveness about his character: the vile and vulgar notion, held by many persons who pique themselves upon being above the vulgar, of keeping their property within walls, and permitting no eye save their own to refresh itself even on their trees and grass-land, was abhorrent to him; the stranger was always welcome within his gates. His irritation could only be due to her having trespassed upon that ground which he did desire to keep private—the subject of his late wife.

Jenny was very sorry: sorry to have angered him (for the first time, too, since their marriage), and still more sorry for the cause. But what distressed her most of all was to learn that he had never so much as heard the name of Mrs. Montague. If it turned out to be a feigned one, it was only the more likely that the person who bore it should have been she who placed the document in the cabinet; and it was not likely, having thus accomplished her purpose, that she should reveal who she really was. Henceforth, therefore, Jenny would have to contend with her enemy in the Dark.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A COUNSELOR.

The reception which Helen's name had met with from her husband, even when thus casually introduced, would have decided Jenny, had her resolve not been already fixed, to keep the discovery of that terrible legacy of his late wife from Arthur's eyes; and this weight falling upon her as it did at a time when she was peculiarly ill fitted to bear such an undivided burden, crushed out of her both health and spirits. In vain Arthur endeavored to persuade himself that her changed appearance was, as the village doctor assured him, due to her condition only, and that in a few months she would be herself again. Death had of late been too busy about him to permit that feeling of false security into which most men in such cases are so willing to be lulled; he was certain that she was failing and failing, nor could her constant effort to appear well and cheerful impose upon his anxious mind. To her, of course, he said nothing but what the doctor had said; but he watched her day by day with an aching heart, and at last wrote as follows to his "other self," Jack Adair—who had been recently blessed with a little daughter, to whom he had asked Arthur to stand sponsor—for the counsel that had never failed him yet, and had been wise even when rejected.

"My dearest wife, who will do any thing in the world to please me, has seen a physician from town, and he corroborates the opinion expressed by our own doctor, that there is nothing the matter with her save what April next will see the end of. Heaven grant it may be so, but I can not flatter myself with any such view. If she had been well enough, nothing would have pleased me better than to have come up with her to see my little god-daughter christened, and indeed she pressed me to do so; but I feel she ought not to travel in her present state, and oh, Jack! I dread to leave her, even for a day, lest at no distant time I may have to say to myself, 'I might have lived one day longer with her whom I have lost forever.' You will say I am morbidly apprehensive about her, that she was always of a good constitution, and that though Swansdale may not be healthy for every body, it is her native air. They have said all this to me, and much more, but they have not their all at stake, as I have; and they do not know what I know. To the doctors—to every body, in fact—she presents a smiling face, a cheerful air, is uncomplaining, and protests that there is nothing amiss with her; and she convinces them. For me, likewise, she puts on her best looks, and chatters—no, she never chatters—converses gayly; but it is plain to me that it is a continual effort with her, and at times, poor soul, she utterly breaks down. I have seen traces of tears on her sweet face, notwithstanding the pains she takes to hide them, and my Jenny has no cause for tears. I almost wish she had, that I might put these down to it. What frightens me most about her is the terrible rapidity with which this change has set in. Three weeks ago she was looking as well as ever she did—better, to my loving eyes, Jack, than on the day I married her, and as happy as a fairy; to-day she is pale, thin, and dejected. If the doctors had not positively assured me that it was not the case, I should have said, 'She is in a rapid decline'—that is, I should have thought so, for to have said it, even to you, Jack, feeling that it was so, would have been impossible. Well, we can not come to you, you see. But can you not come to *us?* Will not dear Blanche, for Jenny's sake, bring down her babe for Jenny to fondle (which she longs to do), and spend the first days of the new year—how I tremble to think what it may take away!—at Swansdale? If you wrote to invite yourselves, that would give my dear wife greater pleasure, while it would prevent her from suspecting that I had told you this sad story. Come, dear friend, and give me your counsel, and, if it please God, your comfort."

The Adairs were people who not only never hesitate about performing a kind action, but who perform it at once. The return of the post brought a letter from Blanche to Jenny proposing a visit to the Hall as soon as "baby" was pronounced fit to travel; and a few days saw them at Swansdale.

In the opinion of the new-comers Arthur's fears had greatly exaggerated his wife's indisposition, though they pronounced her far from well: they thought her face somewhat wan and "drawn;" but, "Dear me, what does Arthur expect?" laughed the young matron to her husband; "and as for her spirits, I call them excellent, considering." And though, after the first flush of their reception, which had really given Jenny great pleasure, had passed away, and when the novel duties of hostess were not compelling her to cheerfulness, they perceived that there really was something amiss with her, it did not strike them as very serious. Mrs. Adair, indeed, curiously enough, thought less of it than her husband; for where Jenny was happiest was in the chamber, now dubbed the nursery, with Blanche and her babe. Even then, indeed, while Mrs. Tyndall clasped the child in her arms, or rocked it to sleep upon her knees, the unbidden tears would sometimes start into her eyes; but Blanche set that down to the happiness of an expectant mother—the thought of the coming treasure of her own, which a few months would give her. Jack thought her "somewhat staid" and "quiet," and "with as few words as a Quakeress," and "though it was true that girls often altered after marriage," the change was greater than he should have expected in one whose character had been so marked as Jenny's; still he could honestly assure his friend that he saw no ground for alarm.

Adair's surprise was therefore considerable when, on the Sunday after his arrival, staying behind the rest of the Hall party, after the church service, in order to speak with Mr. Glyddon, that gentleman inquired of him somewhat abruptly what made Mrs. Tyndall look so ill. "I don't go to the Hall now, Adair, as you know," said he.

"I wish you would—they all wish you would," put in Jack, quickly, but tenderly (for he knew all about that business).

"I wish I *could*," sighed the rector; "but let that pass. What I was about to say to you was that Mrs. Tyndall's looks alarm me. What ails her?"

"Nothing," said Jack; "at least the doctors say so; though Tyndall himself, to say truth, is somewhat anxious about her."

"He has cause," said the rector, gravely. "Look at me, Adair. We are old friends, and can tell one another the truth and bear to hear it. You see me changed, do you not, from what I was a year ago or less?"

"Yes; you are aged by more than the last twelve months. And though you deserve to be happy, old fellow, if any man ever did, you look—"

"Wretched!" said the rector, quietly finishing the other's sentence. "My looks, old friend, so far do not belie me; but no matter for that. I wish to speak of Mrs. Tyndall. What you see in me, *I* see in *her*. A month ago (God bless her!) that woman was like a bird, a flower, any thing that has beauty and vigor and freshness: the song, the fragrance, were not for me; but, Heaven knows, I grudged them not to him for whom they were. In my own forlorn and desolate condition it was a consolation to me to reflect that she at least was happy."

They were in the vestry; not a sentimental spot, as partaking of the nature of a "green-room" with very commonplace "properties;" but the poor rector here sat down in [illegible] his bands and cassock, and sobbed like a child.

"Heaven help you!" ejaculated Jack, greatly dismayed, though touched by this proceeding, and somewhat in doubt as to the propriety of invoking a blessing on a clergyman. "I'm deuced sorry for you, and all that, upon my soul."

"I know, I know," said the rector. "Pardon me this, old fellow; I thought I had been stronger. It is the thought of her—of Mrs. Tyndall being in trouble, that moves me so. If she is not ill, Adair, and very ill, she is very wretched. Not as I am, of course, nor for the same reason: you would never have heard me say so had I thought *that*. Tyndall is kind to her, I know; but something is killing her. Let him find out what it is before it is too late."

"How can you possibly know this?" was the phrase that rose to Adair's lips, but he did not utter it. This man, who loved her, he reflected, must needs have keener eyes than he. Few and small had been the opportunities by which Glyddon had arrived at the same conclusion to which Arthur had also come; but their concurrence of opinion on such a point struck Jack as very noteworthy. He could not well go to Arthur and tell him what the rector had said; if he did so, even if it were taken in good part, it would only increase his friend's apprehensions without suggesting any remedy; so he resolved upon a bolder, or, at least, a more direct course of proceeding. There was this difference between Mr. Glyddon's view of Jenny's case and Arthur's: the latter attributed her ailment, whatever it was, to physical causes; the former ascribed it to some distress of mind. If the rector had laid this to the account of his successful rival's behavior, the idea might have been set down to jealousy; but he had expressly exonerated Arthur from any such charge, and even pointed him out as the person most interested in the matter, and to whom warning was due. It was a *bona fide* opinion, and, so far as it did not impute disease, chimed in with that of the doctors. It was true that Arthur had expressly stated that his wife had nothing on her mind: it was only three weeks ago, he had said, that she had expressed herself as perfectly happy—"so happy that it made her afraid for fear something should happen;" but then even the best of wives did not always confide every thing to their husbands, and especially if they thought that the confidence would vex them. True, it was most unlikely that any thing of so painful a description as to harass mind and body in the way supposed could have occurred to Jenny within the last month or so; but, on the other hand, the effects—from whatever cause—were equally strange, and they at least were patent and undeniable.

One snow-bright afternoon in January, when Arthur and Blanche had gone out driving in the pony-carriage to fetch some novels from the railway station, Jack found himself alone with Jenny in the drawing-room. They were seated—a very different pair—at the same chess-table at which Helen and Allardyce used to sit, and the board was before them. Jenny was a good chess-player; it was the one intellectual occupation which old Jacob pursued, and with success; and she could beat her father. Jack was but an indifferent player, and, besides, he was thinking of something else.

"I can see your game, Mr. Adair," said she, presently, with a quiet smile: "you mean to do this, and this." And she showed him how it would all have failed.

"That was my secret, I confess," said Jack. "Will you be equally candid, Mrs. Tyndall, and tell me yours?"

She knew well enough that he was not speaking of chess; but she made pretense of misunderstanding him.

"*My* secret. Nay, it is Horwitz's plan—"

"I mean the secret of your sadness, Mrs. Tyndall. You may answer, it is true, that I have no right to ask it; nor have I any: but as the oldest friend your husband has, and because I see him changing back to the unhappy being he was at Brussels—"

"Oh, Mr. Adair, not *that*, not *that!*" she interrupted, pleadingly. She had heard from Blanche of Arthur's condition there, though not its cause, and the allusion was painful to her for more than one reason.

"Yes, sooner or later, he will come to *that*," persisted Adair. "Can you wonder at it, when he sees the wife he dotes upon growing paler, thinner, sadder daily, consumed by some direful sorrow that she will not speak of even to him?"

"Has he said that?" inquired Jenny, tremulously.

"Not he, Mrs. Tyndall. Is it likely? Would he ask a question that might give you pain, embarrassment, distress, to answer; at all events, would show he was conscious that his perfect trust in *you* was not reciprocated? But if he *could* bring himself to speak, what he would say, I am sure, is this: 'Let me bear half this burden of yours, true wife, and so lighten it for both of us.' Whatever this misery may be which has fallen upon you thus suddenly, it is but fair, it is but dutiful, to tell him what it is."

"Tell *him?*" answered Jenny, with a shudder. "Never."

"Then tell *me*," said Jack.

If ever there was an honest, friendly voice in man; if ever there was a face inviting confidence from child or woman; if ever there was a hand that promised help and sympathy in its tender clasp—she heard, saw, touched them then.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science took place at Dubuque, Iowa, the sessions commencing on the 21st of August. San Francisco was originally designated as the place of meeting; but in view of the difficulty of making certain necessary arrangements in regard to the fares upon the railroad, Dubuque was selected instead. The sessions continued throughout the week, and a number of interesting communications were presented.

Professor Gray, the retiring president, delivered the usual address, and resigned the position to his successor, Professor J. Lawrence Smith. In addition to the meetings of the association, numerous excursions to the surrounding regions were planned, most of them of a geological and industrial character, and the members separated at the close of the session after a week of much enjoyment.

The number of members enrolled on the books of the association previous to the meeting at Dubuque was about six hundred and fifty, and the list was increased very considerably during the session. The officers elected for the coming year were, Professor Lovering, of Cambridge, President; Professor A. H. Worthen, of Illinois, Vice-President; F. W. Putnam, Esq., of Salem, Permanent Secretary, in place of Professor Lovering, who has held the position for many years.

In a communication by Professor Tacchini, one of the members of the new society of Italian spectroscopists, to the Paris Academy, he remarks that since the 6th of May he has found magnesium to be unusually abundant in certain regions of the sun, some of these being very extended, comprising arcs of from 12° to 168°, whereas preceding observations gave no arcs larger than 66°. Continuing his observations to the 18th of June, he was able to recognize the presence of magnesium round the entire limb—that is to say, the chromatosphere was completely invaded by the vapor of this metal; and although the flames of the chromatosphere were very marked and very brilliant, there was a decided absence of protuberances. The more marked and brilliant the flames were, the brighter and wider appeared the magnesium lines. Very brilliant and characteristic flames were observed at 288°. A bright facula, as anticipated by Tacchini, was found strictly on the limb of the sun. The granulations were very distinct, and the number of small faculæ was in exact agreement with the presence of magnesium. On several occasions the variation of the width of the lines accorded perfectly with the variation of the luminous intensity of the chromatospheric flames observed at the place of the line C.

At the latest dates a great abundance of magnesium still continued, although not around the whole limb; and the observations proved, not that local eruptions took place, but rather complete expulsions—that is to say, a mixture of certain metallic vapors with the chromatosphere, extending over the entire surface of the sun, which consequently would appear to be still in a gaseous state.

Several persons had remarked to Tacchini that the light of the sun did not appear to present its ordinary aspect, and the observations made at the Italian observatory seemed to verify this statement, the change probably being due to the presence of magnesium.

The United States steamer *Hassler*, after a considerable detention at Panama for the purpose of removing the barnacles from her bottom, sailed on the 24th of July, reaching Acapulco on the 4th of August. During the voyage up the coast considerable time was spent in searching for certain rocks said to be visible at high tide. At low tide, however, none of these could be found; and it is therefore believed that the indication of their occurrence is erroneous. A hitherto unsurveyed shoal, and one upon which an English ship struck in 1863, was then visited and three days were spent in examining and plotting it. This shoal lies directly in the track of the coasting vessels, and it is quite likely that numerous wrecks have already resulted from it.

As an appropriation was made some time ago by Congress to enable the Coast Survey to make a survey, for nautical purposes, of the shore of Western America from San Francisco to Panama, the work thus performed by the *Hassler* was strictly in the line of her duty.

Subsequent advices have recorded the arrival of the *Hassler* at San Diego, from which place she was to proceed to San Francisco, whence it was expected that Professor Agassiz and his party would return homeward.

According to Captain Treat, the menhaden spawn in winter on the southern coast of the United States, specimens containing mature spawn having been taken by him in the Chesapeake Bay and the Lower Potomac in January and February. He found them extremely abundant throughout the winter off the coast of North Carolina, where they are netted in great numbers.

In the Chesapeake Bay they are called white-fish, while in Connecticut and Long Island they are occasionally called pig-fish, and on the Potomac they sometimes bear the name of gizzard-fish.

The estimates lately voted by the British House of Commons embrace the sum of $480,000 for the various objects connected with the British Museum for the coming year. In addition to this there was a special vote of $60,000 for purchases for the museum; $15,000 is to be expended in completing the excavations of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; $50,000 for the purchase of coins and medals, etc. The Science and Art Department at South Kensington receives $580,000.

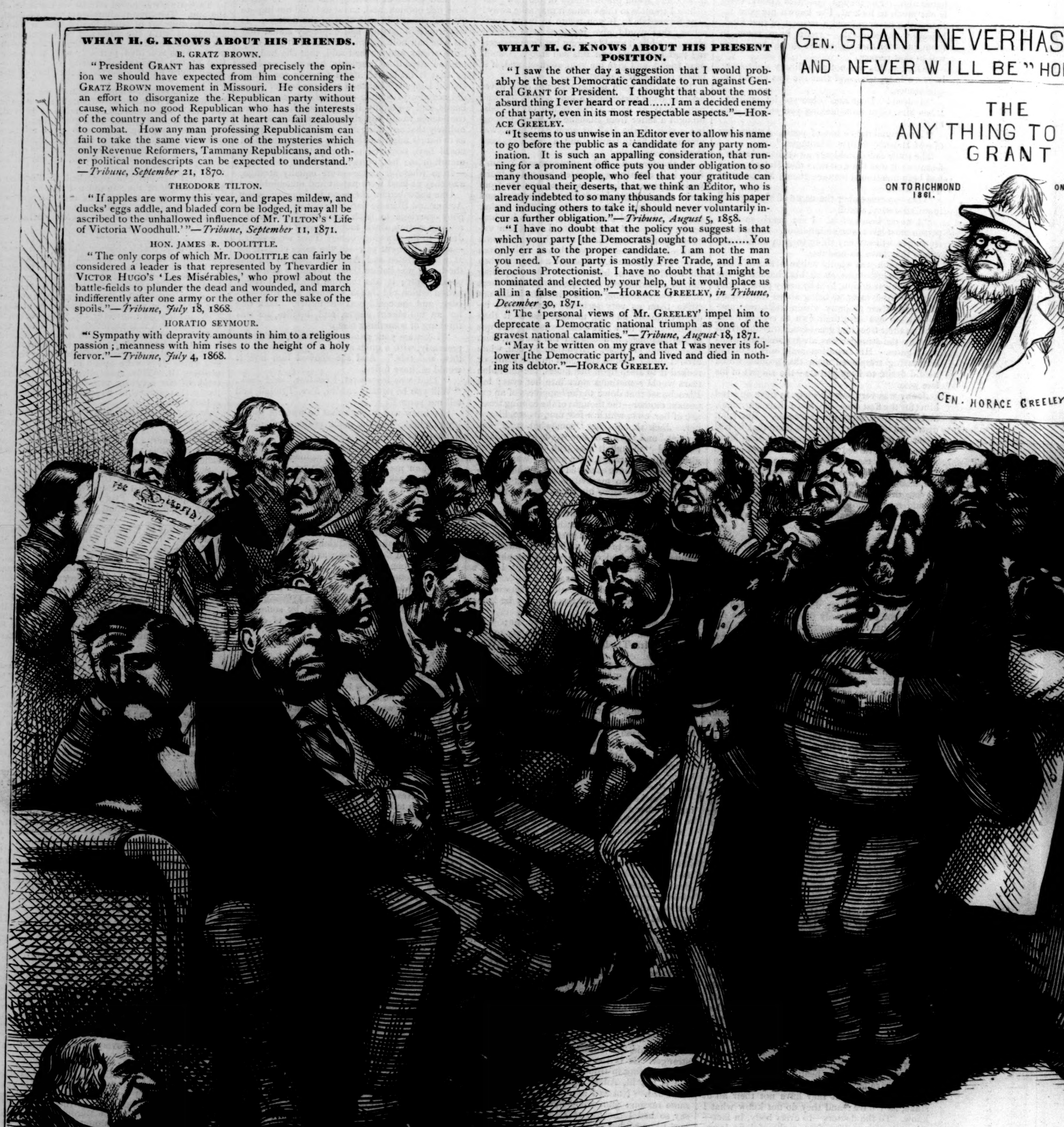
The death of Professor Kayser, the eminent astronomer of the University of Leyden, is announced in the European papers.

One cause of the diminution of the number of white-fish (*Coregonus*) in the great lakes is attributed to the destruction of their spawn by the *Menobranchus lateralis*, which, according to Mr. George Clarke, of Ecorce, congregate on the spawning beds at the rate almost of one to the square yard. When captured their stomachs are usually gorged with the ova. According to this accurate observer, the eggs of the *Menobranchus* are attached to the under side of pieces of wood lying on the bottom of the river, and in clusters of about one hundred each. They are hatched out in about thirty days, more or less, according to the temperature of the water.

According to the *Journal des Débats*, a carp has just died at Chantilly, in France, aged three hundred and seventy-five years. How much longer it would have lived it is impossible to conjecture, as its death was prematurely hastened by a combat with a huge pike. It is stated that this fish belonged to a merchant of Chantilly, who bought it a year ago for 1300 francs, and that it was born in 1497, or a little after the period of the discovery of America by Columbus.

A correspondent of *The Field* takes strong ground in favor of the assumption that salmon will thrive and breed in fresh-water, excluded permanently from access to the sea, and quotes the impressions of the Marquis of Breadalbane and others that the salmon in Loch Tay, a well-known fresh-water lake of Scotland, never leave it except when they ascend its tributaries to spawn, and that they return to the lake, and there become clean without going down through the outlet of the Tay to the sea. This is a decided encouragement to those who propose to try the experiment of introducing the salmon into the great North American lakes, as it is well known that in these bodies of water are to be found the temperature and kind of food required by salmon, and for which, in part, they probably visit the ocean.

It is an interesting fact, substantiated within a few years, that a small crustacean of the genus *Mysis*, which is believed to constitute in great part the food of the salmon in the ocean, occurs also in these lakes in immense numbers at certain depths, and that consequently their necessities in this respect can be met without leaving the fresh-water. The writer in *The Field* also remarks that the British sea-trout (*Salmo trutta*) will thrive and breed perfectly well in fresh-water, and advises that it be used in stocking ponds and lakes rather than the common trout, as being a much better fish for the table, and remaining much longer in good condition.



THE KEY-NOTE OF T

OF THE CAMPAIGN.

(Continued from No. 820, page 719.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

BOOK IV.

THREE LOVE PROBLEMS.

CHAPTER XLI.

"By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day."
—*Twelfth Night.*

The transactions referred to by Caleb Garth as having gone forward between Mr. Bulstrode and Mr. Joshua Rigg Featherstone concerning the land attached to Stone Court had occasioned the interchange of a letter or two between these personages.

Who shall tell what may be the effect of writing? If it happens to have been cut in stone, though it lie face downmost for ages on a forsaken beach, or "rest quietly under the drums and tramplings of many conquests," it may end by letting us into the secret of usurpations and other scandals gossiped about long empires ago: this world being apparently a huge whispering-gallery. Such conditions are often minutely represented in our petty lifetimes. As the stone which has been kicked by generations of clowns may come by curious little links of effect under the eyes of a scholar, through whose labors it may at last fix the date of invasions and unlock religions, so a bit of ink and paper which has long been an innocent wrapping or stop-gap may at last be laid open under the one pair of eyes which have knowledge enough to turn it into the opening of a catastrophe. To Uriel, watching the progress of the planetary history from the Sun, the one result would be just as much of a coincidence as the other.

Having made this rather lofty comparison, I am less uneasy in calling attention to the existence of low people, by whose interference, however little we may like it, the course of the world is very much determined. It would be well, certainly, if we could help to reduce their number, and something might perhaps be done by not lightly giving occasion to their existence. Socially speaking, Joshua Rigg would have been generally pronounced a superfluity. But those who, like Peter Featherstone, never had a copy of themselves demanded, are the very last to wait for such a request either in prose or verse. The copy in this case bore more of outside resemblance to the mother, in whose sex frog-features, accompanied with fresh-colored cheeks and a well-rounded figure, are compatible with much charm for a certain order of admirers. The result is sometimes a frog-faced male, desirable, surely, to no order of intelligent beings: especially when he is suddenly brought into evidence to frustrate other people's expectations—the very lowest aspect in which a social superfluity can present himself.

But Mr. Rigg Featherstone's low characteristics were all of the sober, water-drinking kind. From the earliest to the latest hour of the day he was always as sleek, neat, and cool as the frog he resembled, and old Peter had secretly chuckled over an offshoot almost more calculating, and far more imperturbable, than himself. I will add that his finger-nails were scrupulously attended to, and that he meant to marry a well-educated young lady (as yet unspecified) whose person was good, and whose connections, in a solid middle-class way, were undeniable. Thus his nails and modesty were comparable to those of most gentlemen, though his ambition had been educated only by the opportunities of a clerk and accountant in the smaller commercial houses of a sea-port. He thought the rural Featherstones very simple, absurd people; and they, in their turn, regarded his "bringing up" in a sea-port town as an exaggeration of the monstrosity that their brother Peter, and still more Peter's property, should have had such belongings.

The garden and gravel approach, as seen from the two windows of the wainscoted parlor at Stone Court, were never in better trim than now, when Mr. Rigg Featherstone stood, with his hands behind him, looking out on these grounds as their master. But it seemed doubtful whether he looked out for the sake of contemplation or of turning his back to a person who stood in the middle of the room, with his legs considerably apart and his hands in his trowsers pockets: a person in all respects a contrast to the sleek and cool Rigg. He was a man obviously on the way toward sixty, very florid and hairy, with much gray in his bushy whiskers and thick curly hair, a stoutish body which showed to disadvantage the somewhat worn joinings of his clothes, and the air of a swaggerer, who would aim at being noticeable even at a show of fire-works, regarding his own remarks on any other person's performance as likely to be more interesting than the performance itself.

His name was John Raffles, and he sometimes wrote jocosely W.A.G. after his signature, observing when he did so that he was once taught by Leonard Lamb, of Finsbury, who wrote B.A. after his name, and that he, Raffles, originated the witticism of calling that celebrated principal Ba-Lamb. Such were the appearance and mental flavor of Mr. Raffles, both of which seemed to have a stale odor of travelers' rooms in the commercial hotels of that period.

"Come, now, Josh," he was saying, in a full rumbling tone, "look at it in this light: here is your poor mother going into the vale of years, and you could afford something handsome now to make her comfortable."

"Not while you live. Nothing would make her comfortable while you live," returned Rigg, in his cool high voice. "What I give her, you'll take."

"You bear me a grudge, Josh, that I know. But come, now—as between man and man—without humbug—a little capital might enable me to make a first-rate thing of the shop. The tobacco trade is growing. I should cut my own nose off in not doing the best I could at it. I should stick to it like a flea to a fleece for my own sake. I should always be on the spot. And nothing would make your poor mother so happy. I've pretty well done with my wild oats—turned fifty-five. I want to settle down in my chimney-corner. And if I once buckled to the tobacco trade, I could bring an amount of brains and experience to bear on it that would not be found elsewhere in a hurry. I don't want to be bothering you one time after another, but to get things once for all into the right channel. Consider that, Josh—as between man and man—and with your poor mother to be made easy for her life. I was always fond of the old woman, *by* Jove!"

"Have you done?" said Mr. Rigg, quietly, without looking away from the window.

"Yes, *I've* done," said Raffles, taking hold of his hat, which stood before him on the table, and giving it a sort of oratorical push.

"Then just listen to me. The more you say any thing, the less I shall believe it. The more you want me to do a thing, the more reason I shall have for never doing it. Do you think I mean to forget your kicking me when I was a lad, and eating all the best victual away from me and my mother? Do you think I forget your always coming home to sell and pocket every thing, and going off again leaving us in the lurch? I should be glad to see you whipped at the cart-tail. My mother was a fool to you: she'd no right to give me a father-in-law, and she's been punished for it. She shall have her weekly allowance paid and no more: and that shall be stopped if you dare to come on to these premises again, or to come into this country after me again. The next time you show yourself inside the gates here, you shall be driven off with the dogs and the wagoner's whip."

As Rigg pronounced the last words he turned round and looked at Raffles with his prominent frozen eyes. The contrast was as striking as it could have been eighteen years before, when Rigg was a most unengaging kickable boy, and Raffles was the rather thickset Adonis of bar-rooms and back-parlors. But the advantage now was on the side of Rigg, and auditors of this conversation might probably have expected that Raffles would retire with the air of a defeated dog. Not at all. He made a grimace which was habitual with him whenever he was "out" in a game; then subsided into a laugh, and drew a brandy flask from his pocket.

"Come, Josh," he said, in a cajoling tone, "give us a spoonful of brandy, and a sovereign to pay the way back, and I'll go. Honor bright! I'll go like a bullet, *by* Jove!"

"Mind," said Rigg, drawing out a bunch of keys, "if I ever see you again, I sha'n't speak to you. I don't own you any more than if I saw a crow; and if you want to own me you'll get nothing by it but a character for being what you are—a spiteful, brassy, bullying rogue."

"That's a pity now, Josh," said Raffles, affecting to scratch his head and wrinkle his brows upward as if he were nonplused. "I'm very fond of you; *by* Jove, I am! There's nothing I like better than plaguing you—you're so like your mother; and I must do without it. But the brandy and the sovereign's a bargain."

He jerked forward the flask, and Rigg went to a fine old oaken bureau with his keys. But Raffles had reminded himself by his movement with the flask that it had become dangerously loose from its leather covering, and catching sight of a folded paper which had fallen within the fender, he took it up and shoved it under the leather so as to make the glass firm.

By that time Rigg came forward with a brandy bottle, filled the flask, and handed Raffles a sovereign, neither looking at him nor speaking to him. After locking up the bureau again, he walked to the window and gazed out as impassibly as he had done at the beginning of the interview, while Raffles took a small allowance from the flask, screwed it up, and deposited it in his side-pocket with provoking slowness, making a grimace at his step-son's back.

"Farewell, Josh—and if forever!" said Raffles, turning back his head as he opened the door.

Rigg saw him leave the grounds and enter the lane. The gray day had turned to a light drizzling rain, which freshed the hedge-rows and the grassy borders of the by-roads, and hastened the laborers who were loading the last shocks of corn. Raffles, walking with the uneasy gait of a town loiterer obliged to do a bit of country journeying on foot, looked as incongruous amidst this most rural quiet and industry as if he had been a baboon escaped from a menagerie. But there were none to stare at him except the long-weaned calves, and none to show dislike of his appearance except the little water-rats which rustled away at his approach.

He was fortunate enough when he got on to the high-road to be overtaken by the stage-coach, which carried him to Brassing; and there he took the new-made railway, observing to his fellow-passengers that he considered it pretty well seasoned, now it had done for Huskisson. Mr. Raffles on most occasions kept up the sense of having been educated at an academy, and being able, if he chose, to pass well every where; indeed, there was not one of his fellow-men whom he did not feel himself in a position to ridicule and torment, confident in the entertainment which he thus gave to all the rest of the company.

He played this part now with as much spirit as if his journey had been entirely successful, resorting at frequent intervals to his flask. The paper with which he had wedged it was a letter signed *Nicholas Bulstrode*, but Raffles was not likely to disturb it from its present useful position.

CHAPTER XLII.

"How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
Were I not bound in charity against it!"
—Shakspeare: *Henry VIII.*

One of the professional calls made by Lydgate soon after his return from his wedding journey was to Lowick Manor, in consequence of a letter which had requested him to fix a time for his visit.

Mr. Casaubon had never put any question concerning the nature of his illness to Lydgate, nor had he even to Dorothea betrayed any anxiety as to how far it might be likely to cut short his labors or his life. On this point, as on all others, he shrank from pity; and if the suspicion of being pitied for any thing in his lot surmised or known in spite of himself was imbittering, the idea of calling forth a show of compassion by frankly admitting an alarm or a sorrow was necessarily intolerable to him. Every proud mind knows something of this experience, and perhaps it is only to be overcome by a sense of fellowship deep enough to make all efforts at isolation seem mean and petty instead of exalting.

But Mr. Casaubon was now brooding over something through which the question of his health and life haunted his silence with a more harassing importunity even than through the autumnal unripeness of his authorship. It is true that this last might be called his central ambition; but there are some kinds of authorship in which by far the largest result is the uneasy susceptibility accumulated in the consciousness of the author—one knows of the river by a few streaks amidst a long-gathered deposit of uncomfortable mud. That was the way with Mr. Casaubon's hard intellectual labors. Their most characteristic result was not the "Key to all Mythologies," but a morbid consciousness that others did not give him the place which he had not demonstrably merited—a perpetual suspicious conjecture that the views entertained of him were not to his advantage—a melancholy absence of passion in his efforts at achievement, and a passionate resistance to the confession that he had achieved nothing.

Thus his intellectual ambition, which seemed to others to have absorbed and dried him, was really no security against wounds—least of all against those which came from Dorothea. And he had begun now to frame possibilities for the future which were somehow more imbittering to him than any thing his mind had dwelt on before.

Against certain facts he was helpless: against Will Ladislaw's existence, his defiant stay in the neighborhood of Lowick, and his flippant state of mind with regard to the possessors of authentic, well-stamped erudition: against Dorothea's nature, always taking on some new shape of ardent activity, and even in submission and silence covering fervid reasons which it was an irritation to think of: against certain notions and likings which had taken possession of her mind in relation to subjects that he could not possibly discuss with her. There was no denying that Dorothea was as virtuous and lovely a young lady as he could have obtained for a wife; but a young lady turned out to be something more troublesome than he had conceived. She nursed him, she read to him, she anticipated his wants, and was solicitous about his feelings; but there had entered into the husband's mind the certainty that she judged him, and that her wifely devotedness was like a penitential expiation of unbelieving thoughts—was accompanied with a power of comparison by which himself and his doings were seen too luminously as a part of things in general. His discontent passed vapor-like through all her gentle loving manifestations, and clung to that inappreciative world which she had only brought nearer to him.

Poor Mr. Casaubon! This suffering was the harder to bear because it seemed like a betrayal: the young creature who had worshiped him with perfect trust had quickly turned into the critical wife; and early instances of criticism and resentment had made an impression which no tenderness and submission afterward could remove. To his suspicious interpretation Dorothea's silence now was a suppressed rebellion; a remark from her which he had not in any way anticipated was an assertion of conscious superiority; her gentle answers had an irritating cautiousness in them; and when she acquiesced it was a self-approved effort of forbearance. The tenacity with which he strove to hide this inward drama made it the more vivid for him; as we hear with the more keenness what we wish others not to hear.

Instead of wondering at this result of misery in Mr. Casaubon, I think it quite ordinary. Will not a tiny speck very close to our vision blot out the glory of the world, and leave only a margin by which we see the blot? I know no speck so troublesome as self. And who, if Mr. Casaubon had chosen to expound his discontents—his suspicions that he was not any longer adored without criticism—could have denied that they were founded on good reasons? On the contrary, there was a strong reason to be added which he had not himself taken explicitly into account—namely, that he was not unmixedly adorable. He suspected this, however, as he suspected other things, without confessing it, and, like the rest of us, felt how soothing it would have been to have a companion who would never find it out.

This sore susceptibility in relation to Dorothea was thoroughly prepared before Will Ladislaw had returned to Lowick, and what had occurred since then had brought Mr. Casaubon's power of suspicious construction into exasperated activity. To all the facts which he knew, he added imaginary facts both present and future, which became more real to him than those, because they called up a stronger dislike, a more predominating bitterness. Suspicion and jealousy of Will Ladislaw's intentions, suspicion and jealousy of Dorothea's impressions, were constantly at their weaving work. It would be quite unjust to him to suppose that he could have entered into any coarse misinterpretation of Dorothea: his own habits of mind and conduct, quite as much as the open elevation of her nature, saved him from any such mistake. What he was jealous of was her opinion, the sway that might be given to her ardent mind in its judgments, and the future possibilities to which these might lead her. As to Will, though until his last defiant letter he had nothing definite which he would choose formally to allege against him, he felt himself warranted in believing that he was capable of any design which could fascinate a rebellious temper and an undisciplined impulsiveness. He was quite sure that Dorothea was the cause of Will's return from Rome, and his determination to settle in the neighborhood; and he was penetrating enough to imagine that Dorothea had innocently encouraged this course. It was as clear as possible that she was ready to be attached to Will, and to be pliant to his suggestions: they had never had a *tête-à-tête* without her bringing away from it some new troublesome impression, and the last interview that Mr. Casaubon was aware of (Dorothea, on returning from Freshitt Hall, had for the first time been silent about having seen Will) had led to a scene which roused an angrier feeling against them both than he had ever known before. Dorothea's outpouring of her notions about money, in the darkness of the night, had done nothing but bring a mixture of more odious foreboding into her husband's mind.

And there was the shock lately given to his health always sadly present with him. He was certainly much revived; he had recovered all his usual power of work: the illness might have been mere fatigue, and there might still be twenty years of achievement before him, which would justify the thirty years of preparation. That prospect was made the sweeter by a flavor of vengeance against the hasty sneers of Carp & Company; for even when Mr. Casaubon was carrying his taper among the tombs of the past, those modern figures came athwart the dim light and interrupted his diligent exploration. To convince Carp of his mistake, so that he would have to eat his own words with a good deal of indigestion, would be an agreeable accident of triumphant authorship, which the prospect of living to future ages on earth and to all eternity in heaven could not exclude from contemplation. Since, thus, the prevision of his own unending bliss could not nullify the bitter savors of irritated jealousy and vindictiveness, it is the less surprising that the probability of a transient earthly bliss for other persons, when he himself should have entered into glory, had not a potently sweetening effect. If the truth should be that some undermining disease was at work within him, there might be large opportunity for some people to be the happier when he was gone; and if one of those people should be Will Ladislaw, Mr. Casaubon objected so strongly that it seemed as if the annoyance would make part of his disembodied existence.

This is a very bare, and therefore a very incomplete, way of putting the case. The human soul moves in many channels, and Mr. Casaubon, we know, had a sense of rectitude and an honorable pride in satisfying the requirements of honor, which compelled him to find other reasons for his conduct than those of jealousy and vindictiveness. The way in which Mr. Casaubon put the case was this:

"In marrying Dorothea Brooke I had to care for her well-being in case of my death. But well-being is not to be secured by ample, independent possession of property; on the contrary, occasions might arise in which such possession might expose her to the more danger. She is ready prey to any man who knows how to play adroitly either on her affectionate ardor or her Quixotic enthusiasm; and a man stands by with that very intention in his mind—a man with no other principle than transient caprice, and who has a personal animosity toward me—I am sure of it—an animosity which is fed by the consciousness of his ingratitude, and which he has constantly vented in ridicule, of which I am as well assured as if I had heard it. Even if I live I shall not be without uneasiness as to what he may attempt through indirect influence. This man has gained Dorothea's ear; he has fascinated her attention; he has evidently tried to impress her mind with the notion that he has claims beyond any thing I have done for him. If I die—and he is waiting here on the watch for that—he will persuade her to marry him. That would be calamity for her and success for him. *She* would not think it calamity: he would make her believe any thing; she has a tendency to immoderate attachment which she inwardly reproaches me for not responding to, and already her mind is occupied with his fortunes. He thinks of an easy conquest and of entering into my nest. That I will hinder! Such a marriage would be fatal to Dorothea. Has he ever persisted in any thing except from contradiction? In knowledge he has always tried to be showy at small cost. In religion he could be, as long as it suited him, the facile echo of Dorothea's vagaries. When was sciolism ever dissociated from laxity? I utterly distrust his morals, and it is my duty to hinder to the utmost the fulfillment of his designs."

The arrangements made by Mr. Casaubon on his marriage left strong measures open to him, but in ruminating on them his mind inevitably dwelt so much on the probabilities of his own life that the longing to get the nearest possible calculation had at last overcome his proud reti-

cence, and had determined him to ask Lydgate's opinion as to the nature of his illness.

He had mentioned to Dorothea that Lydgate was coming by appointment at half past three, and in answer to her anxious question, whether he had felt ill, replied: "No, I merely wish to have his opinion concerning some habitual symptoms. You need not see him, my dear. I shall give orders that he may be sent to me in the Yew-tree Walk, where I shall be taking my usual exercise."

When Lydgate entered the Yew-tree Walk he saw Mr. Casaubon slowly receding, with his hands behind him according to his habit, and his head bent forward. It was a lovely afternoon; the leaves from the lofty limes were falling silently across the sombre evergreens, while the lights and shadows slept side by side: there was no sound but the cawing of the rooks, which to the accustomed ear is a lullaby, or that last solemn lullaby, a dirge. Lydgate, conscious of an energetic frame in its prime, felt some compassion when the figure which he was likely soon to overtake turned round, and in advancing toward him showed more markedly than ever the signs of premature age—the student's bent shoulders, the emaciated limbs, and the melancholy lines of the mouth. "Poor fellow," he thought, "some men with his years are like lions; one can tell nothing of their age except that they are full-grown."

"Mr. Lydgate," said Mr. Casaubon, with his invariably polite air, "I am exceedingly obliged to you for your punctuality. We will, if you please, carry on our conversation in walking to and fro."

"I hope your wish to see me is not due to the return of unpleasant symptoms," said Lydgate, filling up a pause.

"Not immediately—no. In order to account for that wish I must mention—what it were otherwise needless to refer to—that my life, on all collateral accounts insignificant, derives a possible importance from the incompleteness of labors which have extended through all its best years. In short, I have long had on hand a work which I would fain leave behind me in such a state, at least, that it might be committed to the press by—others. Were I assured that this is the utmost I can reasonably expect, that assurance would be a useful circumscription of my attempts, and a guide in both the positive and negative determination of my course."

Here Mr. Casaubon paused, removed one hand from his back and thrust it between the buttons of his single-breasted coat. To a mind largely instructed in the human destiny hardly any thing could be more interesting than the inward conflict implied in his formal measured address, delivered with the usual sing-song and motion of the head. Nay, are there many situations more sublimely tragic than the struggle of the soul with the demand to renounce a work which has been all the significance of its life—a significance which is to vanish as the waters which come and go where no man has need of them? But there was nothing to strike others as sublime about Mr. Casaubon, and Lydgate, who had some contempt at hand for futile scholarship, felt a little amusement mingling with his pity. He was at present too ill acquainted with disaster to enter into the pathos of a lot where every thing is below the level of tragedy except the passionate egoism of the sufferer.

"You refer to the possible hinderances from want of health?" he said, wishing to help forward Mr. Casaubon's purpose, which seemed to be clogged by some hesitation.

"I do. You have not implied to me that the symptoms which—I am bound to testify—you watched with scrupulous care were those of a fatal disease. But were it so, Mr. Lydgate, I should desire to know the truth without reservation, and I appeal to you for an exact statement of your conclusions: I request it as a friendly service. If you can tell me that my life is not threatened by any thing else than ordinary casualties, I shall rejoice, on grounds which I have already indicated. If not, knowledge of the truth is even more important to me."

"Then I can no longer hesitate as to my course," said Lydgate; "but the first thing I must impress on you is that my conclusions are doubly uncertain—uncertain not only because of my fallibility, but because diseases of the heart are eminently difficult to found predictions on. In any case, one can hardly increase appreciably the tremendous uncertainty of life."

Mr. Casaubon winced perceptibly, but bowed.

"I believe that you are suffering from what is called fatty degeneration of the heart, a disease which was first divined and explored by Laennec, the man who gave us the stethoscope, not so very many years ago. A good deal of experience—a more lengthened observation—is wanting on the subject. But after what you have said, it is my duty to tell you that death from this disease is often sudden. At the same time, no such result can be predicted. Your condition may be consistent with a tolerably comfortable life for another fifteen years, or even more. I could add no information to this, beyond anatomical or medical details, which would leave expectation at precisely the same point."

Lydgate's instinct was fine enough to tell him that plain speech, quite free from ostentatious caution, would be felt by Mr. Casaubon as a tribute of respect.

"I thank you, Mr. Lydgate," said Mr. Casaubon, after a moment's pause. "One thing more I have still to ask: did you communicate what you have now told me to Mrs. Casaubon?"

"Partly—I mean, as to the possible issues." Lydgate was going to explain why he had told Dorothea, but Mr. Casaubon, with an unmistakable desire to end the conversation, waved his hand slightly, and said again, "I thank you," proceeding to remark on the rare beauty of the day.

Lydgate, certain that his patient wished to be alone, soon left him; and the black figure with hands behind and head bent forward continued to pace the walk where the dark yew-trees gave him a mute companionship in melancholy, and the little shadows of bird or leaf that fleeted across the isles of sunlight stole along in silence as in the presence of a sorrow. Here was a man who now for the first time found himself looking into the eyes of death—who was passing through one of those rare moments of experience when we feel the truth of a commonplace, which is as different from what we call knowing it, as the vision of waters upon the earth is different from the delirious vision of the water which can not be had to cool the burning tongue. When the commonplace "We must all die" transforms itself suddenly into the acute consciousness "I must die—and soon," then death grapples us, and his fingers are cruel; afterward he may come to fold us in his arms as our mother did, and our last moment of dim earthly discerning may be like the first. To Mr. Casaubon now it was as if he suddenly found himself on the dark river-brink, and heard the plash of the on-coming oar, not discerning the forms, but expecting the summons. In such an hour the mind does not change its life-long bias, but carries it onward in imagination to the other side of death, gazing backward—perhaps with the divine calm of beneficence, perhaps with the petty anxieties of self-assertion. What was Mr. Casaubon's bias his acts will give us a clew to. He held himself to be, with some private scholarly reservations, a believing Christian as to estimates of the present and hopes of the future. But what we strive to gratify, though we may call it a distant hope, is an immediate desire: the future estate for which men drudge up city alleys exists already in their imagination and love. And Mr. Casaubon's immediate desire was not for divine communion and light divested of earthly conditions; his passionate longings, poor man, clung low and mist-like in very shady places.

Dorothea had been aware when Lydgate had ridden away, and she had stepped into the garden, with the impulse to go at once to her husband. But she hesitated, fearing to offend him by obtruding herself; for her ardor, continually repulsed, served, with her intense memory, to heighten her dread, as thwarted energy subsides into a shudder; and she wandered slowly round the nearer clumps of trees until she saw him advancing. Then she went toward him, and might have represented a heaven-sent angel coming with a promise that the short hours remaining should yet be filled with that faithful love which clings the closer to a comprehended grief. His glance in reply to hers was so chill that she felt her timidity increased; yet she turned and passed her hand through his arm.

Mr. Casaubon kept his hands behind him and allowed her pliant arm to cling with difficulty against his rigid arm.

There was something horrible to Dorothea in the sensation which this unresponsive hardness inflicted on her. That is a strong word, but not too strong; it is in these acts called trivialities that the seeds of joy are forever wasted, until men and women look round with haggard faces at the devastation their own waste has made, and say the earth bears no harvest of sweetness—calling their denial knowledge. You may ask why, in the name of manliness, Mr. Casaubon should have behaved in that way. Consider that his was a mind which shrank from pity: have you ever watched in such a mind the effect of a suspicion that what is pressing it as a grief may be really a source of contentment, either actual or future, to the being who already offends by pitying? Besides, he knew little of Dorothea's sensations, and had not reflected that on such an occasion as the present they were comparable in strength to his own sensibilities about Carp's criticisms.

Dorothea did not withdraw her arm, but she could not venture to speak. Mr. Casaubon did not say, "I wish to be alone," but he directed his steps in silence toward the house, and as they entered by the glass door on this eastern side Dorothea withdrew her arm and lingered on the matting, that she might leave her husband quite free. He entered the library and shut himself in, alone with his sorrow.

She went up to her boudoir. The open bow-window let in the serene glory of the afternoon lying in the avenue, where the lime-trees cast long shadows. But Dorothea knew nothing of the scene. She threw herself on to a chair, not heeding that she was in the dazzling sun-rays: if there were discomfort in that, how could she tell that it was not part of her inward misery?

She was in the reaction of a rebellious anger stronger than any she had felt since her marriage. Instead of tears, there came words:

"What have I done—what am I—that he should treat me so? He never knows what is in my mind—he never cares. What is the use of any thing I do? He wishes he had never married me."

She began to hear herself, and was checked into stillness. Like one who has lost his way and is weary, she sat and saw as in one glance all the paths of her young hope which she should never find again. And just as clearly in the miserable light she saw her own and her husband's solitude—how they walked apart so that she was obliged to survey him. If he had drawn her toward him, she would never have surveyed him—never have said, "Is he worth living for?" but would have felt him simply a part of her own life. Now she said, bitterly, "It is his fault, not mine." In the jar of her whole being, Pity was overthrown. Was it her fault that she had believed in him—had believed in his worthiness?—And what, exactly, was he?—She was able enough to estimate him—she who waited on his glances with trembling, and shut her best soul in prison, paying it only hidden visits, that she might be petty enough to please him. In such a crisis as this some women begin to hate.

The sun was low when Dorothea was thinking that she would not go down again, but would send a message to her husband saying that she was not well, and preferred remaining up stairs. She had never deliberately allowed her resentment to govern her in this way before, but she believed now that she could not see him again without telling him the truth about her feeling, and she must wait till she could do it without interruption. He might wonder and be hurt at her message. It was good that he should wonder and be hurt. Her anger said, as anger is apt to say, that God was with her—that all heaven, though it were crowded with spirits watching them, must be on her side. She had determined to ring her bell, when there came a rap at the door.

Mr. Casaubon had sent to say that he would have his dinner in the library. He wished to be quite alone this evening, being much occupied.

"I shall not dine, then, Tantripp."

"Oh, madam, let me bring you a little something?"

"No; I am not well. Get every thing ready in my dressing-room, but pray do not disturb me again."

Dorothea sat almost motionless in her meditative struggle, while the evening slowly deepened into night. But the struggle changed continually, as that of a man who begins with a movement toward striking and ends with conquering his desire to strike. The energy that would animate a crime is not more than is wanted to inspire a resolved submission, when the noble habit of the soul reasserts itself. That thought with which Dorothea had gone out to meet her husband—her conviction that he had been asking about the possible arrest of all his work, and that the answer must have wrung his heart, could not be long without rising beside the image of him, like a shadowy monitor looking at her anger with sad remonstrance. It cost her a litany of pictured sorrows and of silent cries that she might be the mercy for those sorrows—but the resolved submission did come; and when the house was still, and she knew that it was near the time when Mr. Casaubon habitually went to rest, she opened her door gently and stood outside in the darkness waiting for his coming up stairs with a light in his hand. If he did not come soon she thought that she would go down and even risk incurring another pang. She would never again expect any thing else. But she did hear the library door open, and slowly the light advanced up the staircase without noise from the footsteps on the carpet. When her husband stood opposite to her she saw that his face was more haggard. He started slightly on seeing her, and she looked up at him beseechingly, without speaking.

"Dorothea!" he said, with a gentle surprise in his tone. "Were you waiting for me?"

"Yes; I did not like to disturb you."

"Come, my dear, come. You are young, and need not to extend your life by watching."

When the kind quiet melancholy of that speech fell on Dorothea's ears she felt something like the thankfulness that might well up in us if we had narrowly escaped hurting a lamed creature. She put her hand into her husband's, and they went along the broad corridor together.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

After all, the coming home is the most pleasant episode of the season. The sojourn elsewhere has been agreeable, and the summer respite has refreshed and invigorated. New scenes and new acquaintances have stirred thought and feeling, and enlarged views of life. Nothing arouses the latent faculties into happy activity like appropriate change of surroundings, and the brightest mind will grow rusty if it forever lies untouched in the same place. So the yearly separation of families for a little time is really a wholesome custom; the fall reunion is marked by affectionate welcome and cordial greeting; all have their experiences to relate, and each one brings something of interest and entertainment to the others. Never more fully than after a summer's absence do we appreciate the comforts of home; for however fortunate we may have been in our wanderings and in our temporary sojourns, there is, after all, "no place like home;" and the familiar objects which have become interwoven in our every-day life are greeted almost like sentient beings. What matter if they are dingy and dusty, and the whole house wears a neglected and forsaken aspect? Busy hands and cheerful presence will soon brighten every thing, and all the delights of home be heightened by the temporary loss which the summer brought.

Is it possible to convince the public that the past summer was really a very comfortably cool one? It may be, since September breezes have now cooled the blood, and the *remembrance* of heat is *not* heat. Certain statistics, which purport to come from the United States Armory at Springfield, indicate that the summer of 1872 was not so very remarkable for heat. The average temperature for the four months of May, June, July, and August, in 1868, was 68 degrees; for 1869, 65 degrees; 1870, 70 degrees; 1871, 66 degrees; 1872, 69 degrees. The average for June this year was 69⅓ degrees, while in 1870 it was 72 degrees. The average for July was 74¼ degrees, while in 1870 it was 75 degrees, and in 1868 77 degrees. The August average this year, up to the 28th, was 75 degrees; in 1870 it was 74 degrees, and the other years two or three degrees less.

The "Milk Producers' Convention" is not—as might be supposed from the name—a convention of cows, but of dairy-farmers; and the object of it is to supply pure milk to city customers. The present state of things is apparently that farmers sell pure milk for three cents a quart to dealers; somehow the milk becomes mixed with various foreign substances, and is then retailed at ten cents a quart. Some dealers frankly confess to the adulteration, but say that pure milk will not keep well; that the adulterated preserves its character—such as it is—a longer time. We trust that the milk question will be thoroughly discussed, and that city residents will take a thorough interest in the matter, and co-operate in any real reform. So long as the diet of children is made up so largely of milk, the subject is worthy of the most careful consideration.

The author of "John Halifax" and so many other popular novels has given new proof of her skill in writing for children in the prettily illustrated "Adventures of a Brownie." Few ladies have made such an excellent contribution to current literature as Mrs. Mulock-Craik in her works for youths and adults.

The unfortunate Empress Carlotta, while lying in delirium, was often heard to whisper the words, "Mother," "Victor," "Paris," "Max." What a sad life has this unhappy victim of Mexican tragedy endured!

At Trouville, the fashionable French watering-place, the season has been remarkably successful. This may be in part due to the fact that President Thiers has been there, taking a recess from his labors. He has, however, been living very quietly at the Chalet Cordier. He walks on the beach like ordinary men, and dresses plainly in black. He has done his best to rest from business; but state matters will intrude to some extent.

An exchange gives a brief history of the last ten years in a poetical effusion, as follows:

"It was in eighteen hundred and sixty-one
That the dreadful war begun;
It was in eighteen hundred and sixty-two
The bombs and bullets swiftly flew;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-three
They planned to set the negroes free;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-four
Sherman marched to the Atlantic shore;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-five
The rebs were glad to get home alive;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-six
A. J. played his little tricks;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-seven
Equal rights to the States were given;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight
U. S. Grant took the helm of State;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-nine
Boutwell swept away of the debt a mine;
In eighteen hundred and seventy
The Ku-Klux did their deviltry;
In eighteen hundred and seventy-one
The commission began their Ku-Klux fun;
In eighteen hundred and seventy-two
Grant put the Greeleyites and Ku-Klux through."

Nine American students honor the Strasburg University by their faithful attendance.

Several superior varieties of fall wheat have been distributed by the Department of Agriculture to those States and Territories which are adapted to its growth. There will also be a distribution of rye, and of vegetable and grass seeds.

Mr. Edmund Yates, whose writings are familiar to many of our readers, is now in this country, and proposes to pass the season in lecturing. He has had at the Egyptian Hall, London, a humorous entertainment, which attracted large and fashionable audiences, and which he intends to repeat in New York.

Parisians are now replanting large trees, brought from the forest of Sénard, around the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne.

The heat in Switzerland is reported to have been intense during the past season. Cattle have gone to their stalls at daybreak for shelter; and the danger from avalanches has been so intensified that, warned by instinct, the chamois of the mountains left their precarious haunts, and mingled with domestic herds in the valleys.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An enthusiastic young produce dealer, a few evenings ago, in a serenade to his inamorata, thus recorded his high resolves: "I'll chase the antelope over the plain, and the wild spring chicken I'll bind with a chain; and the cauliflower, so fierce and neat, I'll give thee for a nosegay sweet."

When does a cow become landed property?—When turned into a field.

Why is U the gayest letter in the alphabet?—Because it is always in fun.

"Driver, are you running on time to-day?" asked a passenger in an omnibus. "No, Sir," was the keen reply; "we are running for cash."

There is a town out West called Random. A resident of the place being asked where he lived, said he lived at Random. He was taken up as a vagrant.

A lady, in instructing her daughter in the use of the needle, said, "As I tell you to sew, so sew; but do not merely sew so so."

An editor who was going a-courting said he was "going to press."

An old Scotch beggar, removing his bonnet, advanced to a clergyman for a little charity. After receiving a bit of silver, he said to the clergyman, "Thank ye, Sir; oh, thank ye; I'll gie ye an afternoon's hearing for this one of these days."

An Indiana town has the following dog ordinance: "Dogs that are not collared and labeled, no matter how respectably connected, will have their narratives amputated one inch south of their ears."

The Awl Knight Question—Crispinism.

An irritable man, who was disappointed in his boots, threatened to eat up the shoe-maker, but compromised by drinking a cobbler.

"I came near selling my boots the other day," said Jones to a friend. "How so?" "Well, I had them half-soled."

In a volume comprised in the collection of a public librarian at Bournemouth, England, a country commentator has penciled out the word "altar" from one of the pages, and added as a note, "The Church of England has no altar only a cummunion-table." Under this a holiday critic has written, "This 'cummunion' needs to be alter-ed."

Three Popular Kings—Smoking, drinking, and talking.

Hints to Masqueraders.—A tall, slim fellow is in trouble. He wants to know what character to assume at a masquerade. A journal advises him to braid his legs and go as a whip-lash; roll himself round and round a few dozen times and go as a roll of tape; wrap himself in the American flag and go as a barber's pole; bristle his hair up and go as a whitewash-brush; swallow a few marbles and go as a rattle-box; put an insulator in his mouth and go as a telegraph pole; or walk in on his hands as a pair of scissors.

JEDDO AND BELFAST; OR, A PUZZLE FOR JAPAN.—[See Page 758.]

Japanese Embassador. "Then those People, your Grace, I suppose, are Heathen?"
Archbishop of Canterbury. "On the contrary, your Excellency: those are among our most *Enthusiastic Religionists!*"

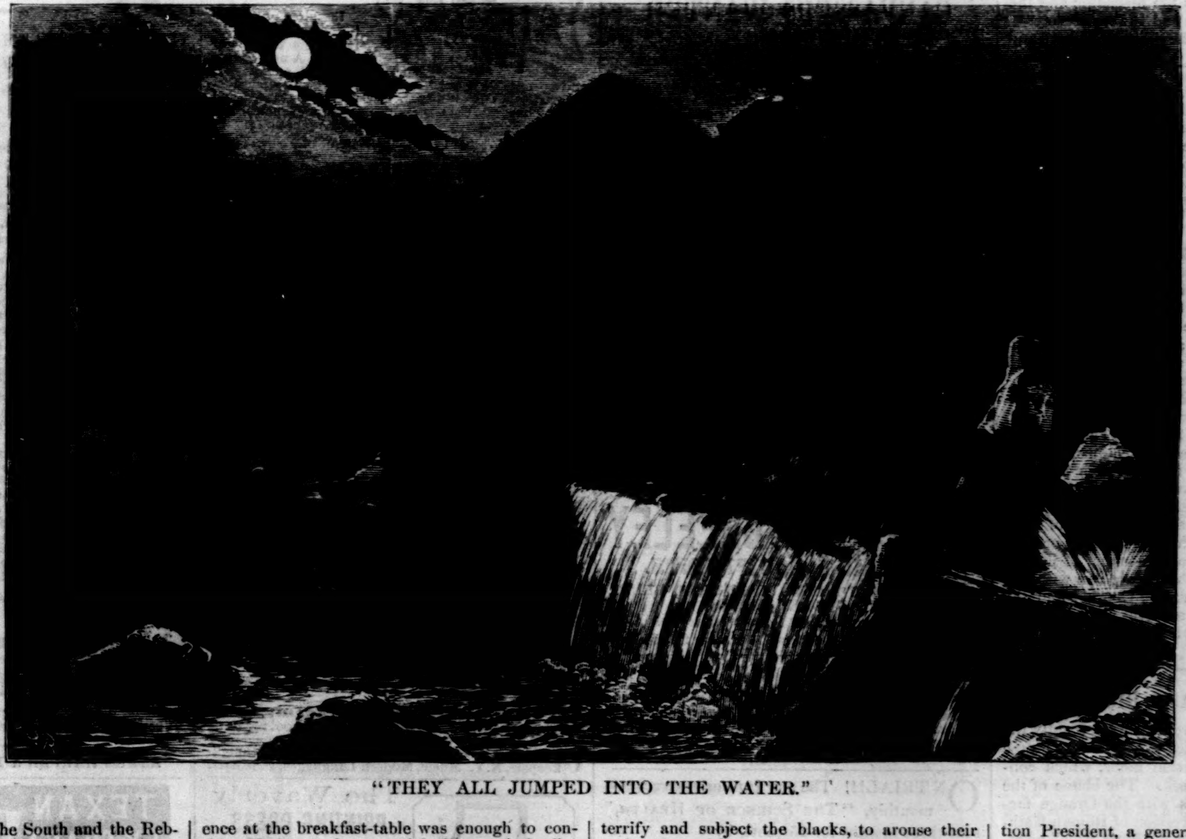
THE BELFAST RIOTS—ORANGEMEN ATTACKING THE PROCESSION.—[See Page 758.]

MR. GREELEY'S SUPPORTERS IN GEORGIA.*

By Eugene Lawrence.

The interior life of the Southern States, and the character and designs of those "liberal" politicians to whom we are invited by the opposition party to commit the control of the national government, may well be studied with interest at the present moment; and the example of Georgia will serve to show a condition of disorder, misrule, and utter barbarism such as can scarcely be paralleled in any country within the limits of civilization. Georgia by a plain usurpation has fallen into the hands of the Democratic party. For a brief period it was controlled by the Republicans. Then the Democracy, or rather the former slave-holders, drove the colored members from the Legislature, expelled its Republican Governor, banished the Republican voters from the polls, and now rule by force and fraud over the unhappy State. A reign of terror has been perfectly established. When the colored and white Republicans in 1868 would have voted for General Grant, they were met at the polls by bands of armed men, and driven away with blows and terrible threats. The Republican sheriff of Augusta was murdered; the Republican mayor assaulted and nearly killed. In one county the managers of the election refused to receive the votes of the colored citizens "unless they were given for Seymour and Blair." Of seven hundred in another county only three persons were allowed to vote. At Savannah they were set upon by a mob and driven to their homes. In Lincoln County, "to escape death, nearly all the colored and some of the white Republicans voted the Democratic ticket." The election throughout the State was controlled by the worst portion of the population. To save their lives the honest citizens resigned their right of suffrage, and Georgia, which had once been Republican, gave Seymour and Blair a majority of 30,000. In 1870 the Republicans were again every where defeated, the Democrats triumphant; the same means were employed, and still more barbarous deeds enacted. Republican voters were shot, beaten, or maltreated; leading politicians were assassinated on their way to public meetings; the colored voters were stabbed, set upon by dogs, cut with knives, torn with slung-shot; and the horrible details of the savage cruelty of the Democratic party in every part of Georgia are certainly without a parallel in any civilized country. Yet it is this murderous faction in the South that has nominated Mr. Greeley, professes to deserve the compassion of the nation by its unmerited woes, and is overwhelmed with the ready sympathy of Seymour, Kernan, and Blair.

"THEY THEN SEIZED ME, AND DRAGGED ME TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS."



"THEY ALL JUMPED INTO THE WATER."

Mr. Stearns, from whose interesting work on "The Black Man of the South and the Rebels," recently published, these details are taken, went to Georgia in 1866 and purchased a plantation near Augusta. He was an enthusiast, and hoped by mildness and forbearance to disarm the malice of the Southern whites, to teach by example and precept the colored laborers. He opened a school for his workmen, and succeeded in winning their attention and regard. With many faults, the results of generations of oppression, the colored population seem at least to have been grateful and loyal. Mr. Stearns became a leading Republican politician, and was elected ordinary of his county by the colored vote; but when he attempted to take possession of his office was set upon by a Democratic mob, was in danger of his life, and was forced to resign. "They then seized me," he relates of his expulsion from office, "dragged me to the top of the stairs, and hurried my departure from the halls of justice by pushing and kicking me until I had reached the bottom of the long flight of stairs, some of them crying out, 'Let's put him into the creek.'" His narrative of his dangers and sufferings as a Southern planter throws no doubtful light upon the degraded condition of the great body of the people. Such cruel and desperate men, plunged in utter ignorance, such uncleanly and intolerable women as seem to abound in the interior districts of Georgia, can hardly be imagined without actual observation. Of a certain Mrs. Loving, "a poor white," we are told, "her presence at the breakfast-table was enough to considerably lessen the cost of feeding one's family, so uncouth and uncleanly was she in appearance." Of the politeness of Southern men Mr. Stearns seems to have received no agreeable impression. He was constantly assailed by gross language, vile epithets, and the coarsest abuse; their humanity was shown in attacking his house when he lay ill with a fever, in terrifying his family, and shooting revolvers under his windows. That there are many intelligent and cultivated people at the South is not to be doubted, but they can scarcely belong to the Democratic party. Though a man of peace, unoffending and blameless, he was compelled to sleep with his rifle under his pillow; saw the Union men around him treated with horrible severity; heard of murders and outrages every where; and declares that had Seymour and Blair been elected, every Republican in Georgia would have been assassinated or driven from the country. If Greeley and Brown are more fortunate, it is easy to see what will be the unbounded rule of the Democrats and the fate of the loyal citizens of the South.

It was the *Ku-Klux* that committed most of the enormities with which Mr. Stearns became familiar during his stay in Georgia; to this secret association of assassins was due the success of the Democrats and the sudden check to the progress of the State. Nor is the Ku-Klux composed of disbanded soldiers alone, or the ignorant as well as the vicious. We are told that it embraces many of the wealthy and perhaps "respectable" class, the sons of planters and leading politicians. Its first aim seems to have been to terrify and subject the blacks, to arouse their native superstition, and convert them to Democracy by apparitions and ghostly sounds. Its members, the "respectable" class of the South, clothed themselves in grotesque gowns and masks, gathered in church-yards, followed at night the more influential colored men, assailed them with menaces, cries, groans, warnings, and chased them to their cabins. But very soon, if not at once, this association of "liberal" politicians sank into crimes so dreadful as can not be told here. Their nightly rides over the country became orgies of license and horrible brutality. Their numbers increased; they ruled all Georgia; no negro hut was safe from these "pests of society;" no language can paint too severely the outrages committed under their secret shelter. "Lincoln County," says the author, "is emphatically 'the valley of the shadow of death' for the poor colored man;" and he relates how three prominent colored Republicans were taken to a mill-dam by the Democratic club to be shot or drowned. They were offered the alternative. At a signal from these "repentant" Democrats they leaped into the water. The Democrats fired at them. Two were shot dead; one escaped, severely wounded, to relate the fearful story. And this is only a single instance of the incessant outrages of the Democratic Ku-Klux. The courts took no notice of their misdeeds, and Democratic politicians led or tolerated the crimes of their indispensable allies. It was this class of the Southern gentlemen that crowded around the house of Mr. Stearns when he lay ill of a fever, and fired their revolvers to deprive him of sleep, from whose bullets he scarcely preserved the lives of his wife and daughter; who assailed him with blows and coarse language when he attempted to exercise his official powers; who shot down the colored voters, and renewed the rebellion in Georgia. The condition of the negroes, Mr. Stearns assures us, is almost unendurable. Often they were on the brink of revolt, ready to rise against their persecutors, and lay the towns and cities of the Ku-Klux in ashes. Yet they have restrained themselves. Thus far the conduct of the colored people has shown a startling contrast to that of the barbarous and licentious whites. In the midst of the unpunished outrages upon their families or themselves, the negroes—often in a vast majority, and not unpracticed in military affairs—have spared the plantations and the towns of their oppressors, have shown a humanity that may well touch the hearts of their fellow-citizens. From the spectacle of the general lawlessness around him Mr. Stearns addresses an appeal to his countrymen. He claims their help to repress the "villains" who prey upon Southern society. He urges the utmost severity of legislation to save the Republicans of Georgia, and avert the ruin of that extensive territory. Nothing but the aid of the national government, he asserts, can protect the freedmen, stay the brutality of the Democratic leaders, and restore to civilization the wasted borders of the State. He warns every man—and he wrote but a year ago—to vote steadily against those politicians who would weaken the force of the Ku-Klux law, or who would place any confidence in the rebellious leaders of the South. He calls upon the nation to rise with unprecedented unanimity, and show to the Ku-Klux and the Southern Democracy that they are resolved to protect the white and black Republicans in all the rights of freemen; that they have heard of the dreadful enormities committed in the South, and are resolved to redress them; and he foretells, in case of the election of an opposition President, a general rising of the colored race against their tyrants, a frightful period of anarchy and of civil war.

Facts like those related by Mr. Stearns, and which he supports by the affidavits of numerous witnesses, white as well as colored, sometimes by the touching narratives of the sufferers themselves, and often by official documents, must arouse a natural indignation in every part of the nation, and serve to throw a terrible light upon the designs of those Southern politicians who are attempting to delude the public mind with professions of peace and of reconciliation. They have already established a despotism in Georgia, and probably in many other sections of the South, founded upon bloodshed, and covered with gross deception. In that State alone their murdered victims are numbered by thousands.

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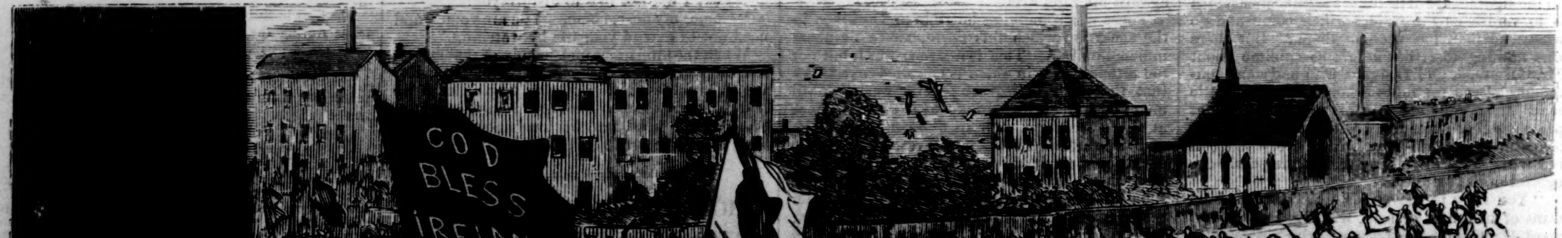

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BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

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During the past five years they have exercised cruelties upon the unoffending negroes that disgrace human nature, that even the Communists of Paris shrank from approaching, and they have labored with no common success to hide their guilt from the eyes of their countrymen. The Southern press is silent; the Southern courts refuse to punish or even notice their misdeeds: the only hope of the white and colored Republicans is in the protection of the general government. For the less shocking offenses of the Democratic leaders we have scarcely room. That they have broken up the schools provided for the colored race and striven to spread every where ignorance and vice, have discouraged or neglected the education of the poorer classes of the whites, strive to check the progress of the people, and would perpetuate the moral and mental degradation produced by generations of slavery, may well be imagined; and it is plain that the prevalence of the Democratic rule will throw back the South into a new barbarism, and check forever all hope of its reform. To these enemies of education and of progress, to the Ku-Klux and the politicians who rule by terror and crime, Mr. GREELEY hopes to owe his election. The vote of Democratic Georgia is confidently counted upon by the opposition party as one of their surest supports. But it is not difficult to see that whoever sustains Mr. GREELEY and his policy places himself on the side of the persecutors of the white and black voters of Georgia, and lends his countenance to all those enormities that have marked the Democratic rule in that unfortunate State. It is impossible, indeed, to believe that any humane politician would consent to profit by an election gained by means so cruel as those described by Mr. STEARNS, or that even a SEYMOUR or a KERNAN, a GREELEY and a SUMNER, would not blush to hold an office that had been won by the oppression of the innocent negro and the infamous orgies of the Ku-Klux canvass.

Some improvement in the condition of Georgia has followed the passage of the Ku-Klux laws of 1871. So long as the general government interposed, the life of the colored voter was safe, or his assassins were punished; the white Republicans for the past year have escaped personal violence from their Democratic neighbors. But a usurping minority still rules in the State, the partisans of GREELEY and the allies of SUMNER, of KERNAN, and BUCKALEW; the Ku-Klux law has already been so amended as to deprive it of some of its most effective traits: upon the success of the Democracy it would be wholly swept away. This is the chief aim of the Southern leaders. They cry out for the withdrawal of all interference in the affairs of their State by the general government. A minority whose crimes terrify humanity demands from the nation not only amnesty, but permission to perpetrate new offenses unchecked and unseen. A minority that drove the South into rebellion is once more ruling in Georgia. It sends its armed bands to the polling places; it governs the mechanic and the small farmer, the colored and the white voter—the rising intelligence of the State—by blows and nightly raids upon negro cabins. If the arm of the general government were lifted, if GREELEY and KERNAN and BUCKALEW ruled at the North, the guilty minority would rage unrestrained in every Southern State, the atrocities painted by Mr. STEARNS would be renewed, the whole South would be transformed into a cruel despotism, and its guilty leaders would once more dream of independence and of vengeance upon the prosperous North.

The chief question to be decided in the approaching Presidential election is, whether this condition of affairs shall be permitted to continue at the South, whether a cruel and desperate minority shall be allowed to renew its outrages upon the rights and the welfare of the whole people under the shelter of Mr. GREELEY'S supporters, or whether it shall be crushed and broken down by the firm rule of the Republican party and of President GRANT. The opposition party count upon securing the vote of nearly all the Southern States. The example of Georgia shows, in its recent elections, by what means they will proceed to effect their purpose. There whole counties have been disfranchised; the majority has been ruled by the minority; the Republican voters have been the victims of their murderous opponents; the Ku-Klux is preparing to commence once more its career of infamy and terror. Let, then, the people rise with unprecedented unanimity, rescue Georgia and the South from their tyrants, and crush with a mighty hand the last struggle of the slave-holders' rebellion.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

THE city of Belfast, Ireland, was recently the scene of a savage conflict between the Orange and Roman Catholic faction mobs, which continued during a whole week. The blame of the first act of violence rests with the Orange faction, who attacked a procession of Roman Catholics on their way from a "Home Rule" meeting, of which we give a sketch on page 756. This was on the 15th of August. There was some fierce fighting, in which stones and pistols were used, and several persons were wounded. In the evening of the next day the two parties met for a pitched battle, to the number of several thousands. The police tried in vain to separate them, and the military were sent for. A detachment of regular troops forced the combatant mobs apart, but showers of stones were thrown over the heads of the line of soldiery, and fierce howls of mutual execration were exchanged by the hostile bands of Irishmen, who were prevented from slaughtering each other.

The rioting continued day after day, and the damage to property in the city is estimated at $500,000. Roman Catholic chapels and schools were attacked, and many poor families were driven from their homes, losing every thing. The mob defied the police and soldiery for a week, and was finally dispersed only by a heavy storm of rain.

The upper illustration, from the London *Punch*, on the same page derives significance from the fact that the Archbishop of Canterbury recently deprecated the influence of the "heathen" living in England. Several representatives of the religion and culture of India and Japan have responded with great indignation; and the question, "Who are the heathen?" is discussed with great vivacity in the English papers.

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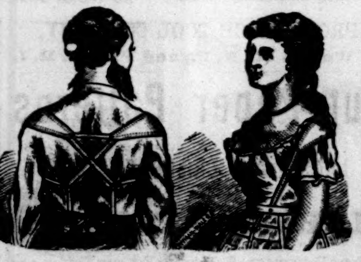

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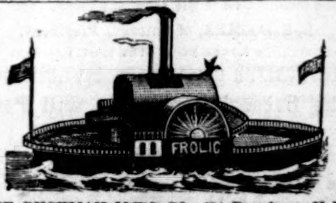

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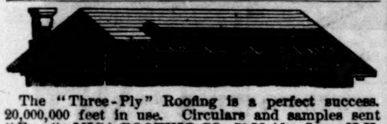

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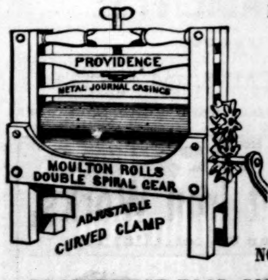

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